TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper
Postage all over the world, 1d.

HAPPY XMAS TO ALL OUR READERS

For Me it's-
UP IN THE MORNING AND FIT ALL DAY!

THAT'S the feeling that makes life worth living. You just enjoy everything because you feel healthy and fit. That is the natural condition.

If you feel shaky, nervous or depressed; if you can't sleep or enjoy your meals; if your will for work is weak—your system is disordered. You need Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

They will put new life into you, tone up overtaxed nerves, and give you increased strength and vigour.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The great tonic and energiser.

1/3 and 3/- per box. *Of all chemists and stores.*

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to—You!

1/- Christmas Gift Voucher.
Accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the "John Bull" Pen. Only one Voucher will be taken in part payment for Pen. Available until Dec. 31, 1926
2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL Free
JOHN BULL

Your Last Chance Before Xmas!

IT is now or never, if you wish to avail yourself of "JOHN BULL'S" Great Christmas Gift Offer, and to receive your Gift Set in time for Christmas.
Dont forget that the Pen, and the presentation Everpointed Pencil, make a magnificent Gift to a friend.

OUR OFFER.

The above Voucher will be accepted as 1/- (One Shilling) in part payment of the famous "JOHN BULL" Lever self-filling Pen. With each Pen is presented Free a magnificent 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.
Cut out the Voucher, attach to Coupon below and post to-day.
Don't be too late!

The Pen, fitted with 14-ct. sol'd gold nib iridium tipped is cut out of solid vulcanite. Equal to pens selling at double and treble the price.

The magnificent 2/6 Everpointed pencil presented free with the Pen. Heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Pen and Pencil are packed in golden presentation box.

Christmas Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me the Golden Christmas Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen, and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.
I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (which includes Postage and Insurance).
(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)

Name ... engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.....
(Write in capitals name desired.)

Cross Cheque/P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL." J.B. 25.12.26

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

£24

MORE CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS

We publish below the names of a few only of those who benefit this week:—

FIRE UP TO £400

ABERDEEN.—Mrs. H. CUMMINGS, 118 Crown Street.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. R. W. DUNN, 26 Burleigh Street.
PAIGNTON.—Mrs. BESSIE COLE, 3, Ridgeway Terrace, St. Michaels.
EXETER.—Mr. F. W. BUCKLAND, Rougemont House, Castle Street.
HILDENBOROUGH.—Mrs. L. SMITH, Woodside Cottage, London Road.
DRONFIELD, Nr. SHEFFIELD.—Mr. BENJAMIN CROOKES, 17, Fletcher Avenue.
STIRLING.—Mr. WM. GALLOWAY, 13, St. John Street.
YARM-ON-TEES.—Mrs. C. WILSON, High Street.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

BOOTLE.—Mrs. J. HINCKE, 68, Tennyson Street.
SAFFRON WALDEN.—Mrs. S. L. GUY, 6, Cross Street.
KIRKDALE.—Mrs. H. E. BRIERLEY, 45, Brasenose Road, Bankhall.
PECKHAM.—Mrs. H. L. BECKEY, 127, Blakes Road.
ADLINGTON, Nr. CHORLEY.—Mrs. M. CORNER, 69, Railway Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. K. H. EDMANDS, 78, Winson Green Road.
CAMBERWELL.—Mrs. A. BOURN, 155, Warham Street.
WARRINGTON.—Mrs. S. A. CLARKE, 84, Longford Street.

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

HUNGERFORD.—Mr. A. P. FIELD, Tilling-ton.
LINLITHGOW.—Mr. W. RENTON, The Cottage, Burghmuir.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. A. J. MOTTRAM, Penistone Road.
BLYTH.—Mrs. COULSON, 1, Foster Terrace, Cambois.
ESH WINNING, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. E. DAVISON, 67, Lymington Terrace.
GATESHEAD.—Mrs. E. SMITH, 12, Marlborough Terrace.
GATESHEAD.—Mr. J. STRINGER, 15, Wilson Street.
BARGOED.—Mr. R. ADAMS, 30, Gwaelod Drive.

STORM! FLOODS! UP TO £300

EBBW VALE, MON.—Mrs. A. E. BEACHAM, 13, Wilpatte Terrace.
MACHYNLLETH, NORTH WALES.—D. J. REES, 3, Magiona Villas.
HAWICK, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. T. KERR, Wallington Street.
ABERCARN, MON.—Mrs. A. HARRIS, Brook Street, Chapel of Ease.
BRISTOL.—Mr. R. PATTEN, 58, Ducie Road, Radfield.
DUMBARTON.—Mr. J. R. JARDINE, Clyde Street.
KESWICK.—Mrs. A. WILLIAMSON, Penrith Street, Braithwaite.
GLENGARNOCK, AYR.—Mrs. W. [illegible], Garnoch Holm.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.
Please register me as a regular reader.

READER'S NAME ..... Age .....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

READER'S SIGNATURE .....

NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEWSAGENT .....

.....

DATE .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefit and conditions covering registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

A cheery start for a brisk day

Gillette plays an important part in the daily lives of millions of men

The Gillette Safety Razor has opened up the avenue to Perfection in Shaving for millions of men throughout the World.

It has been the means of making the daily shave a pleasant habit. Easy, smooth and altogether satisfactory.

The Gillette gives this desirable service without fuss and bother.

Its famous principle—No Stropping, No Honing—is a time saving feature which has helped to popularise Gillette throughout the World.

It has made shaving a before breakfast incident—perfect in every respect.

NEW IMPROVED GILLETTE OUTFITS **21/-** and upwards.

OLD TYPE GILLETTE SERIES **2/6** and upwards.

New Improved Sets contained in Solid Ivory, Tortoiseshell and Solid Silver Cases. Prices on application.

GILLETTE BLADES
In packets of 10 (20 shaving edges) **4/6**
In packets of 5 (10 shaving edges) **2/3**

Sold by Gillette Dealers everywhere.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD.,
184-188, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

Factories at Slough, Eng: Montreal, Canada: Boston, U.S.A.

GILLETTE FACTORY. SLOUGH, ENG.

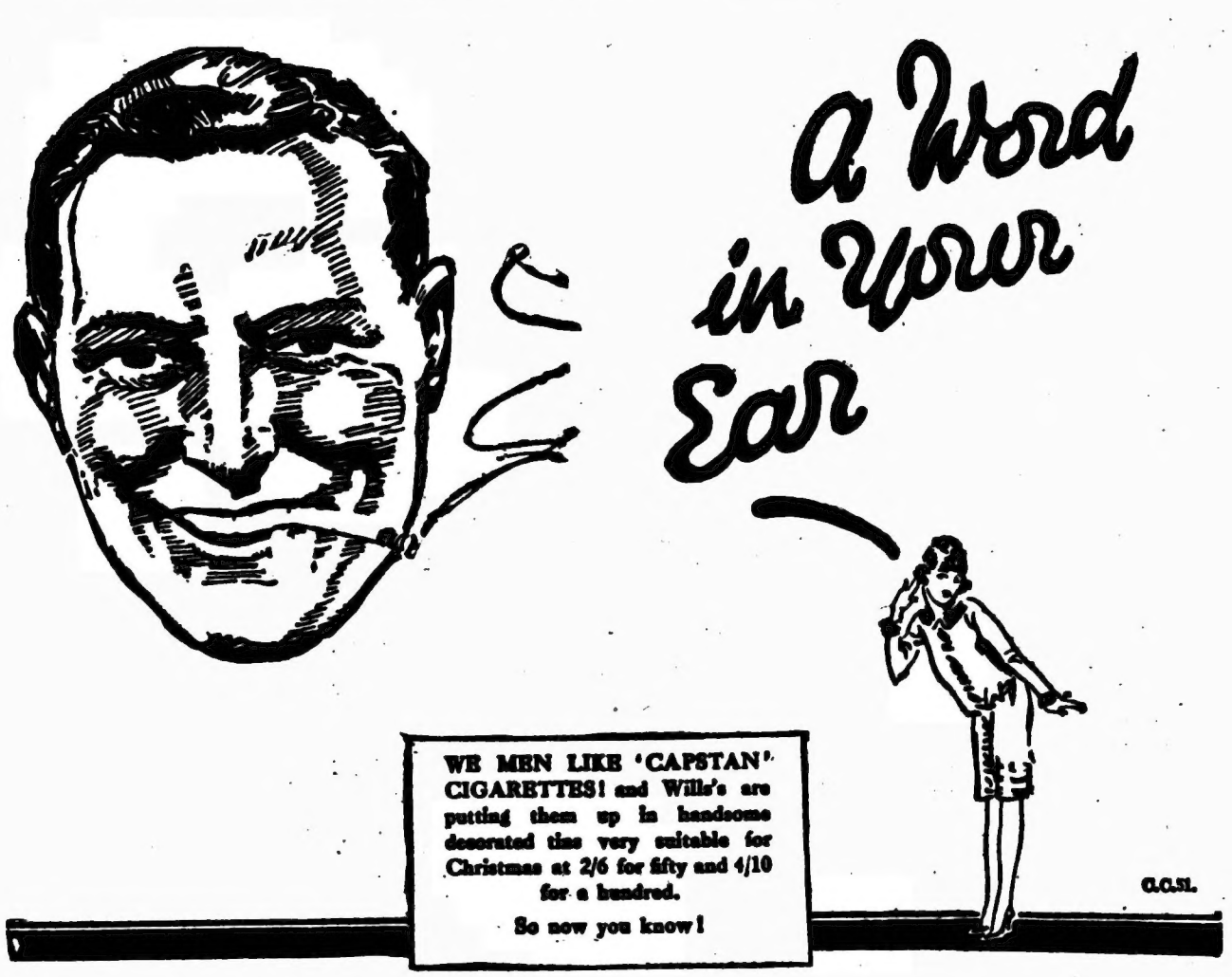
Gillette Safety Razor

KNOWN THE Gillette WORLD OVER

NO STROPPING NO HONING

The Ideal Christmas Gift for Men.

Handsome Gift Sets now on sale at all Gillette Dealers.


a Word in Your Ear
WE MEN LIKE 'CAPSTAN' CIGARETTES! and Wills's are putting them up in handsome decorated tins very suitable for Christmas at 2/6 for fifty and 4/10 for a hundred.
So now you know!
G.G.31.

THE TOTALISATOR

Estab'ished May, 1920.

STARTING PRICE GUARANTEED

RACING FOOTBALL.

START THE NEW YEAR WELL BY OPENING AN ACCOUNT WITH THE "TOTE" AND HAVE A YEAR'S SATISFACTION.

BUSINESS ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Send a postcard for full particulars. Rules. List of Ante-Post Pools, Football Lists, etc.

THE TOTALISATOR,
St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St., (83 JS) London, W.1.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Cuticura Soap is Refreshing after Outdoor Exercise

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, after outdoor exercise, cleanse, cool and freshen the skin. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment they do much to allay irritation, redness and roughness of the face and hands and keep the skin soft and clear under all conditions of exposure.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter House, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

JUST OUT 1/-

Including FREE entry for one of the Twelve £500 prizes

Daily Mail IDEAL HOME CROSSWORDS AND BALLOT BOOK

This Book may be worth Thousands of Pounds to you—Get it To-day. Twelve fascinating crossword puzzles, each offering a separate prize of £500 for 1/-, and one free entry coupon included.

The Book contains entry forms for the great "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Ballot, which offers £10,000 in prizes—1st prize £5,000, only 2/6 to enter, or 1/6 if you use the FREE coupon.

£16,000 IN PRIZES

Guaranteed by the "Daily Mail"

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Organised by the British Charities Association.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—On sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents, etc., or by post from the British Charities Association (Room E) Kingsway House, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Win £500 with 1/- or £5,000 with 2/6

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DANCE Novelties, hats, decorations, mascots, flowers, garlands, balloons, spl. prices. Lists free.—Watkins Provider Junr., 48, High St., Newport, Mon.

ARMY SURPLUS BARGAINS for mechanics' wear. Boots from 5/-; Trousers, 4/6; Breeches, 5/9; Shirts, 2/11. Send for 20-page cat. of over 800 Govt. Bgns.—Nuttall, 1, Goodmayes, London.

WHY BUY NEW! "BRUNSTAN," THE Leather Renovator, in Black and 4 Browns, makes old shoes, leather goods, etc., like new. Easy to apply. Tubes 6d., 1/- and 1/6. Post Free. Testimonials received daily. Agents wanted where not represented.—Cooper's, Brunstan Works, Burnley.

WOMAN'S work is never done, but the "Monun" Clothes-Peg Bag eases some of it. Read about this inexpensive labour and time saver on page 20. You will find the other "Bargain" Ads. here and on the page opposite just as interesting.

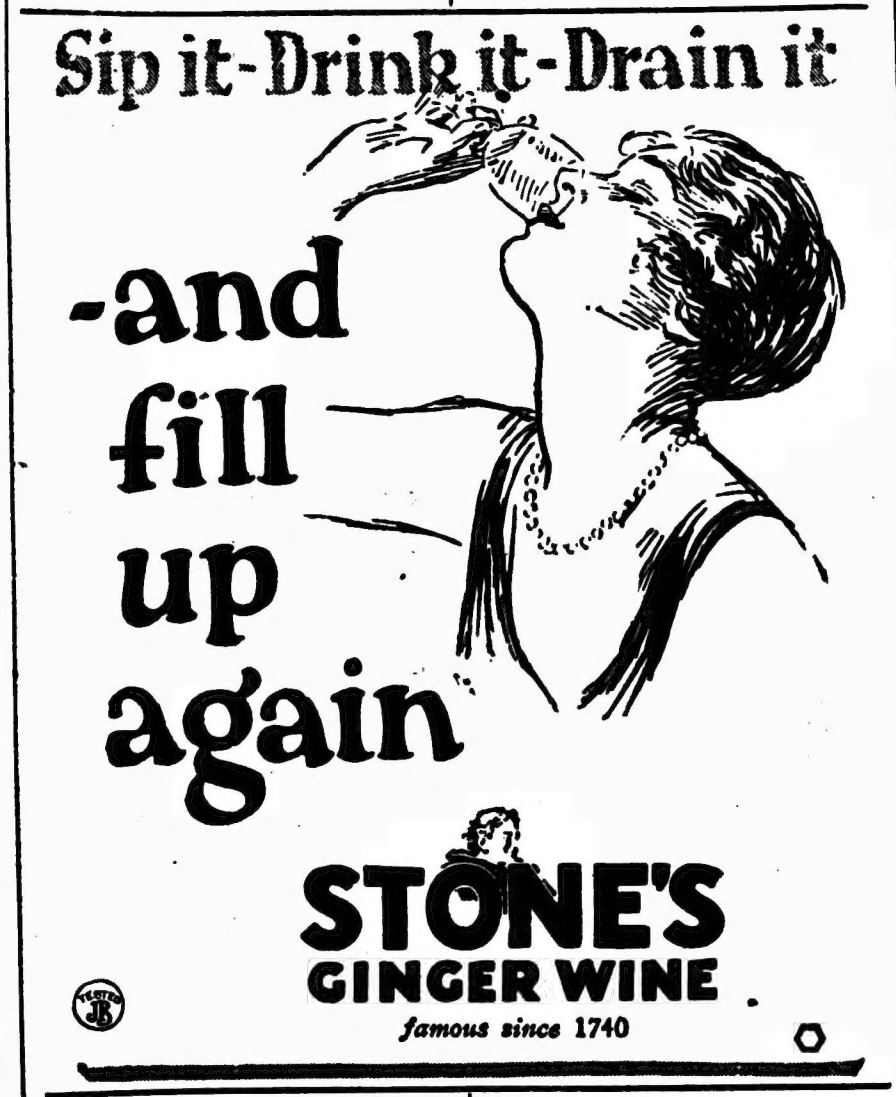
ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Doughty, 99, King's Chambs., South St., London, E.C.2.

JAZZ OUTFITS, Banjos, Ukuleles, Saxophones, Mandolines, Violins, Accordeons, Gramophones. Lists Free.—Palmers', 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

ACCORDIONS, GENUINE ITALIANS.—List free.—The Premium Co., 115, Corporation Rd., Middlesbrough.

WIRELESS.

"EXCELLAITE" LOUD-SPEAKERS are the best and cheapest on the market. The baby model is only 23/-. Write for full List of Wireless Sets and Accessories.—Wireless Distributing Co., Ltd., Wireless House, Stoke Newington, N.



A REALLY Comfortable and Well-made (solid oak) Bed Chair for 29/6 is described by C. J. Turnadge, Ltd., on page 20.

TRUE ECONOMY.—New Collars for cost of washing old ones; no rubber; no celluloid; 2/6 doz. Sample and List 4½d.—Peachey, Fisher and Co., 9, Westgate, Gloucester.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

MASSAGE is a Profession.—The Smae Institute offers tuition at most economical fees. Intelligent men and women are here offered access to the highest ranks of the profession, as the instruction covers all modern manipulative methods.—Write for details, 47, Smae Institute, Portsmouth.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION. Expert tuition. Low fees.—Write Service Correspondence College, NEWBURY.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 27/6; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

WORTH POUNDS! Our Illustrated bargain list is free. Easy payments to suit your pocket—World's Wireless Stores, Wallington.

HANDSOME Cash Prizes are being offered by the Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd., for a 5-word slogan describing the superlative qualities of the new EDISWAN Quarter-Watt POINT ONE ECONOMY Valves. There is no entrance fee, nor anything to buy. Read the conditions in the advertisement for Ediswan Valves on page 23, and fill in the coupon and post it now.

DRESS.

BABY'S 75-article Layette, 30/-. Robes, Gowns, Robeslips, Nightes, Vests, Shawls, Matinee Coats, Barras, Towels, Napkins, etc. Homemade, Genuine Bargain. Send 2/6 pcl. appro.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Midland Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (S68a), 60, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc. New scientific Treatment sent on FREE TRIAL. Relief first application, operation or rest unnecessary. No drugs or bandages. Astounding successes, hundreds of testimonials. Call or write NOW FOR BOOKLET "B" and full particulars. —Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES.—To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 1.6, Pubrings Road, Southfields, London.

BLADDER Weakness quickly cured by Parker's Remedy, 2/6 bot., at all Branches Boots', Timothy Whites and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free Parker Remedy Co., 18, James St., Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

NERVES OF IRON.—Nerve Specialist's guaranteed treatment for Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Lost Vitality, Weakness, etc. POTENTOL ends all nerve disorders. Booklet free.—Orde & Co., New address, 40, Regent House, Regent St., W.1.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, rough skin, use Shepley's M&L ROSE tablets, only 2d. Sold by chemists, oilmen, general dealers. Relief guaranteed, beautifies the skin.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT & SCIATICA.—Try the great Lincolnshire remedy, famous for 50 years. Althorp's Gout and Rheumatic Pills, 3/-, post paid.—Battles, Chemists, Lincoln.

BALDNESS CURED.
"ATEKA" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by *John Bell*, 5/- bott.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn., E.C.

A FREE Booklet is offered in the Hygienic Food Products, Ltd., advertisement of "SEA-VITOIDS" on page 28 on "Seaweed and Its Story," by Dr. W. J. Melhuish, D.Sc., Ph.D. Send for this to-day.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large, nothing too small. Post or call.—Benson's, 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash by return.—Bells, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

DIVORCE FOR 8/6.—What should freedom cost? Read the arresting article by T. R. Partington, the famous Public Health Lecturer, in the week's "HEALTH AND STRENGTH." 3d., all nsgts., or 4d. post free from J. H. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

FOLLOW THE "FLAG."
THE famous Bristol tobacco manufacturers have just introduced Wills's "Flag" Cigarettes. They are an entirely original and skilful blend of the finest Empire grown and Virginia Tobaccos and owing to the preferential duty afforded Empire leaf can be sold at 10 for 5d.

GINGERING UP THE SMILES.
IT'S good to be able to smile through life, and anything that helps us to do it these cold, cheerless days is more than welcome. One of the oldest and most popular bringers of gaiety and good cheer, especially at parties and New Year entertainments, is the genial ginger wine of "Sip it—Drink it—Drain it" fame. . . . Stone's, the Original Ginger Wine. What do the advertisements say?—"A Smile in every Sip" and "Brimful of Happiness." They might add that "A Sip within keeps the Nip without!" It has been famous since 1740.

NOW
1/9
GETS A GRAMOPHONE AND RECORDS
Write TODAY for LISTS
I offer the best and cheapest selection of high-grade Gramophones and any number of Records on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL CARRIAGE PAID. Small deposit secures delivery by return. Write for my Free Lists NOW.
Chas. T. Robey
THE WORLD FAMOUS 2 COVENTRY

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

GOOD SELLING LINES in all classes of Drapery. Goods for Beginners, Marketmen, Retailers, from 8. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester. Write for Illustrated Catalogue free.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

FREE List on application those interested in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, Wholesale only. —Levy Bros. (Dept. B.), 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-time Agency. — See Large Advert. on page 20.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

IF YOU WANT AGENTS—the kind that build for bigger and better business—try a little ad. under this heading. Men who are ever on the look-out for big opportunities, or who seek to augment their income read these ads., and you will find them keen y responsive to your offer. Send your ad. to-day to the Small Advertisements Dept., *John Bull*, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing remittance payable to Odhams Press Ltd., at the rate of 8/- per line of approximately 6 words, 3 lines minimum.

EARN £3 TO £5 weekly. Run Bedclothing Clubs amongst friends. NO OUTLAY. Particulars free.—Grove Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

EMPLOYMENT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. & Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

The MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN. Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

SALES REPRESENTATIVES are urgently needed. The definite offer of an actual position is guaranteed for every successful student of FIVE WEEKS' tuition in Creative Salesmanship. Previous experience not necessary. Instruction includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. FEES refunded to unsuccessful students. Call or write for details.—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10/- month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, testis. free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY.
SWEETMAKING TAUGHT PROFESSIONALLY (ALL BRANCHES), IMMENSE PROFITS. Wonderful new system. No special appliances (except thermometer), kitchen utensils only. Opportunities everywhere, city or country. 2d. stamp, booklet.—LIBERTY CANDY Co., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent St., London, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London & Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; Papers covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London. 'Phone: City 0848.

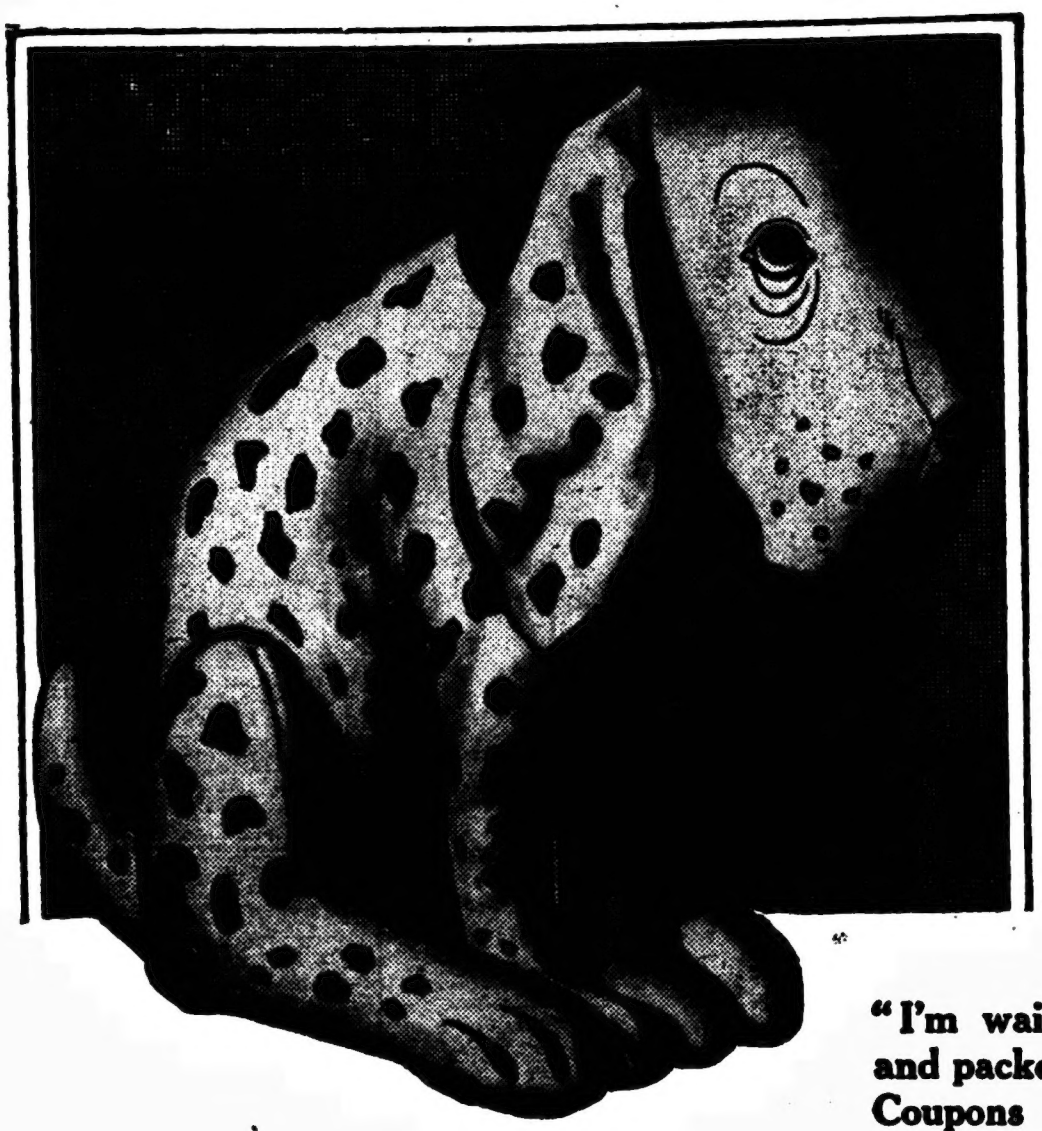
START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

Xmas Party Novelties, Fancy Hats, Balloons, etc. Have some for your party or dance. Lists free.—"Unedeus," Arundel St., Portsmouth.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS BAZAAR.—For the greatest collection of Bargains for Xmas Presents, get "THE BAZAAR, Exchange and Mart," 3d., from all newsagents. Articles on every description offered for sale by private persons. Full of wonderful Bargains! If you would like a free specimen copy of "The Bazaar," send a p.c. to-day to J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 53, Trinity Street, Leeds.



"I won't be happy till you get me"

"I'm waiting—already boxed up and packed—for you to send 125 Coupons to the BLACK CAT Cigarette people. There's a coupon in every packet of Black Cat Cigarettes — smoke them, you can't get finer smokes—and send the coupons in. You'll enjoy every whiff—and when you get me—my! won't the kiddies jump with joy.

Dismal Desmond

Dismal Desmond FREE!

for 125 Coupons from

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

IN DECORATED TINS
50's 2/6. 100's 5/-

Have you tried Black Cat Tobacco at 1/- per Ounce?
Coupons are in every packet.

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW.

To The BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.
(Dept. 8), Gift Dept., 23, New North Street, Theobalds Road,
LONDON, W.C.1.

Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

ONLY ONE OF THESE SIGNED COUPONS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Week ending Saturday, Dec. 25, 1926. Twopence. Vol. XL. No. 1071.

JOHN BULL

For the People—thd Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Hebdeally, London.

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

WE ask our readers to make a special note of the fact that, owing to the Christmas holidays, JOHN BULL will be on sale next week, on Thursday, December 30, instead of Wednesday, our usual publishing day.

Greetings to Everybody!

A Very Happy Christmas and the Best of Luck to All Our Readers. We are not unmindful of the many homes where no very special celebration of this festival this year is possible; but we urge everyone to unite in trying to mend the future. Don't let us lose hope. The best is yet to be!

One Good Thing.

The Prime Minister, when the Vote of Censure was discussed, admitted making blunders. He might have added that on more than one occasion he has also saved the situation. Of the two sides to his character this is the best. He must develop it.

Trade and Politics.

Conservative Party managers are going to watch the trade barometer very closely. The present intention is, if possible, to take the next General Election when trade prosperity is at the peak.

The "Surprise" of 1928.

It is not probable that the election will come next year. Coal stoppage effects will then be working themselves out, and the Government is pledged to certain legislation. But in 1928, if trade is good, look out for an election at the shortest possible notice.

A Knock at Labour.

The legislation to trim trade unions is planned for next year with a purpose. It will strike at the "political levy." In the Government view, an essential election preliminary is to deplete the Labour Party's coffers.

Old Men's Squabbles.

The Liberal Party is getting dreadfully sick of its "Elder Statesmen." For one thing, they are too old. They keep harking back to the past, with a feeble grasp of the present, and no sense at all of the big things of the future. In politics that's deadly.

Justifiable Optimism.

Encouraging news of trade revival comes to hand daily. Port Glasgow is likely to make a record for the year owing to extensive contracts with shipping companies. In addition, the Millwood Steel Works have resumed operations.

Kindling the Fires.

The Barrow Hematite Steel Company has orders in hand sufficient to keep the mills going for some time once the furnaces are restarted; and the blast furnaces at the North Lonsdale and Millom establishments are also in a like happy position.

Horse Sense.

Mr. H. N. Brailsford's contention that a reduction of wages must affect every industry, since it gradually brings about unemployment and a reduction in trade by the decrease of purchasing power, is profoundly true. None but a purblind politician could possibly fail to see it.

Purchasing Power and Prosperity.

On the other hand, a living wage must provide a flowing stream of purchasing power, which influences every trade. When the demand is there, the supply is assured.

Rats!

Coats made of rat-skin, dressed and dyed under the name "gusliki," sell at £35 and £40 a-piece. There is a lot in a name. Furriers, at any rate, have found that out.

Up on Top.

Congratulations to Miss H. F. M. Court, newly made head of the Costing and Accounts Department of the House of Lords. It's solid proof she's proved her worth.

On with the Rates!

From 1914 to 1925, amounts raised by local rates have risen from about £71,000,000 to £142,000,000, and grants to local authorities from the national exchequer from £23,000,000 to £82,000,000. The breaking-point is in sight.

Which Shall It Be?

Rates must come down. Those who say the choice lies between starvation for the poor or bankruptcy for the ratepayer beg the question. We can insist upon a statesmanlike solution of unemployment or drift to national disaster on the back of inefficiency.

No Fear, No Favour.

The Home Office contemplates legislation on the subject of street solicitation. This time it mustn't be one-sided. It isn't only enlightened women who are against it. It offends the conscience of the nation.

£500 and 200 Hampers!

SPEND a few minutes on "Bullets" this Christmas and win a big cash prize or a New Year Hamper!

Hurry up! *See page 35.*

An Electrical Shock.

Heavy prices for poor quality coal make Brighton pay a 25 per cent. increase on all types of electrical current. That's how industrial disputes hit everybody. One day everybody will be equally united in trying to prevent them.

Money Coming.

British firms have secured contracts representing £600,000 for the construction of public works in Bolivia. With a goodly proportion going in wages, that should spell some prosperity for British workmen.

Her Title.

Mrs. Bertha Friedlander, the "Grand Old Woman" of London Jewry, is dead. The whole of her widowhood was devoted to the care of orphans and works of philanthropy, so that she is remembered as "the friend of the needy." No woman could wish a higher memorial.

That "Living" Wage.

Early in the New Year a further demand, backed by the entire trade union movement, is to be made for a national minimum wage of £3 10s. a week for all adult Civil Servants. How any Government dare oppose so reasonable a claim passes our comprehension.

Pernicious Postponement.

As we feared, the Government decided that the Sale of Food (Weights and Measures) Bill should not come into operation till July next. We regard this surrender to the shopkeepers and manufacturers of proprietary articles as a cowardly betrayal of trust.

Not so Weird.

Lord Weir believes that a better appreciation on the part of employers, employed and trade unions alike will improve trade and solve unemployment. Personal responsibility all round is just what is wanted.

Condemned.

In Deptford 173 persons live in forty-seven rooms, and one room is permanently occupied by a family of six. These are the things that make for unrest and Bolshevism. The wonder is the Government doesn't see it.

Enquiry Asked For.

Twenty-seven thousand persons and fifty-one local authorities have petitioned Parliament to hold a public enquiry into our financial principles and policy. It's a good first step. Sound diagnosis of the disease is essential if sound remedies are to be applied.

Wet Foot or Dry Shod.

Bedfordshire Education Committee will provide facilities for drying the kiddies' boots and shoes at school. It's only common humanity. The wonder is in this day of hygienic knowledge that any schools can be found where it isn't done.

Happier Kiddies.

Warmth, cosiness, peace and comfort are the keynotes of the London County Council's experiment in granting facilities for children's evening studies. Compulsory education and quiet rooms should go hand in hand. That overcrowded homes don't allow of it is too often forgotten.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Something Sadly Wrong.

The fatal accident to Flying-Officer John Harry Campbell Purvis brought the Royal Air Force death-roll for 1926 to eighty-three. Five mishaps have occurred in sixteen days. The country cannot afford to lose these splendid young fellows, and we call upon the Air Ministry to take immediate steps to check this lamentable wastage.

Ten-year-old Heroism.

Little Willie Griffith, age ten, of Mold, is a true son of Wales, and has well earned the Scouts' V.C., the Silver Cross, which he has been awarded. He cannot swim, yet he dived into a deep pool, rescued a little girl, and applied artificial respiration. Then he went home and said nothing about his good deed. No wonder the town cheered him

The Salvage Plant.

A moving picture of the first "Labour Hospital" was recently shown at the Empire Cinema, Church Road, Willesden. It is called "The Human Salvage Plant." During the evening an ambulance and sun-ray appliance were presented by the 'busmen of London, a splendid tribute to the generosity and large-heartedness of a fine body of men.

The House of God.

After chasing a fox for an hour and a half, the South Staffordshire Hounds followed their quarry into Lichfield, where it rushed into the bishop's garden in the shadow of the cathedral. There it was torn to pieces in full view of an excited crowd. "Blessed are the merciful" is a nice precept for reciting inside the cathedral, but evidently not popular for putting into practice outside.

A Mean Committee.

A Wiltshire schoolmaster, Mr. H. F. Jarvis, was recently elected a member of the Amesbury Rural District Council. Now the County Education Committee refuses him leave of absence from his duties, one day a month, to attend the council meetings. No objection having been raised when Mr. Jarvis was put forward as a candidate, this belated embargo is mean and unfair.

Penalised for Pluck.

The Grimsby trawler *Vindelecia* returned the other day to the Humber, carrying on board an unexploded mine picked up in the North Sea. Fearing possible danger, the port authorities kept the vessel outside till a mine expert could be summoned from Chatham. The crew lost a day's earnings for which there is no compensation. That men should be thus penalised for performing a perilous public duty is monstrously unfair.

Never Too Old to Operate.

The surgeons at St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden, W.C., operate on the principle that a man is never too old to live. One old boy of ninety-three who was operated upon is now hale and hearty at ninety-six, and another man of ninety-one who came off the operating table lived to be a hundred and one before he had a fatal fall. "While there's life there's hope" is the lesson this hospital teaches.

Mining Brutalities.

When are we to be rid of the inhuman employment of youths in their teens as beasts of burden in British coal-mines? An eye-witness in the Somerset pits speaks of a boy of seventeen paid 3s. 3d. a shift for dragging tubs through the workings by means of ropes chafing and cutting his bare flesh. Is it any wonder the miners are goaded to revolt when such barbarities are sanctioned by long usage and tolerated by the law?

Hard Law.

An ex-Service man named Alfred Broome, who contracted dermatitis, a painful and disabling skin-disease, while undergoing a course of training at the Government instructional factory at Luton, has failed in his claim under the Workmen's Compensation Act, on the ground that he was not legally a "workman." But surely the Pensions Ministry does not intend to deprive him of all redress? In such a case the letter of the law should yield to humanity's claims.

Scouting the Home Office.

The National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship has had its attention drawn to a case where a clerk to the justices of a certain Bench omitted to summon the only local woman magistrate to the hearing of a case of assault upon eleven children. Since this is in direct contravention to a Home Office order, we trust the official concerned has received a sharp rap over the knuckles.

Street Solicitation.

We do not agree with the view of the police that solicitation in the streets will greatly increase if Parliament passes the Bill providing that none shall be taken into custody on this charge except on complaint by the aggrieved party. As things are at present innocent women are quite liable to be arrested on these shameful grounds owing to an officer's excessive zeal. We hope shortly to see the measure placed upon the Statute Book.

A Daring Feat.

In the crowded streets of Cardiff a carthorse bolted, pulling a heavy coal-lorry behind it. Disaster seemed unavoidable when a loaded tram-car loomed ahead. The twenty-year-old driver, Thomas Bennett, of Kilcattan Street, jumped from his seat upon the horse's back, and by sheer strength turned the animal's head. The crash was averted, but the horse was thrown, and the plucky driver was injured in the head. We leave it to the people of Cardiff to honour him as he deserves.

Trust Abused.

For stealing letters, a postal official was sentenced at Lewes Assizes to twelve months' hard labour. His name was James Richard Walder. In a second case, Sidney William Dobson was sent to prison for six months for a similar offence. Mr. Justice Avory asserted that it might become necessary to revert to the old practice of sending such persons to penal servitude. We agree that no thieves deserve severe treatment more than these, since they are also guilty of a grave breach of trust.

The Human Machine

Let's be Lazy!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THERE is a time to work and a time to play; and the sensible man will work hard when he has to work and play with wholehearted zest when the time for relaxation arrives.

In a day or two it will be Christmas. Let's be lazy! Let's forget our worries and our problems, our work and our anxieties, and do nothing that does not actually *have* to be done!

Now, one of the essentials of being lazy in the right way, lazy in the sense of giving body and mind a complete rest and change from the ordinary worries of life, is to refuse to count the cost of your "play."

Once you begin to worry about the expense of a cheerful dinner, the extra cost of some particular Christmas enjoyment—well, you might as well be back at work for all the good your holiday will do you!

THE benefits of this kind of laziness cannot be reckoned in terms of money. The advantages of an occasional unfettered piece of enjoyment cannot be estimated in pounds, shillings and pence.

There is no good coming to you from the day or two's holiday unless mind as well as body is relaxed.

Make Christmas a real holiday. Make it a real piece of tonic laziness. The New Year will be tackled all the better for it!

The Man who Loves Dirt.

Because Charles Pollard, a twenty-year-old inmate of Belmont workhouse, was told to have a bath, he swore, kicked the labour master, broke a window and threw a block of wood at the master, hitting him in the face and chest. The month's hard labour to which he was sentenced at Croydon is all too little. He should have a steady half year of compulsory baths. That might teach him manners.

Humanity's Call Answered.

On a hospital bed a poor woman lay seemingly near the end. As a last desperate chance to save her, the call went out from a Welsh wireless station for a healthy man, one willing to make a blood sacrifice. Within thirty minutes sixteen were at the hospital gates. The choice of the two found fit had to be decided by the spin of a coin, as neither would give way otherwise to the other. The names of the world's greatest hearts are not always broadcast, as they ought to be.

His Only Friend.

"What I am the State has made me," pleaded James Grant, an old convict, at the Old Bailey. "When I was a boy I was sent to a reformatory for stealing 3½d." He insisted that many of his succeeding sentences were unjustly influenced by his record, and that he had tramped the country, and often gone hungry in search of work. "I've only one friend in the world now—my wife," he said. "If you send me to penal servitude I shall lose her." The sentence was fifteen months. Could not something better than prison be tried?

Fine Idea Turned Down.

The proprietors of three-and-twenty picture halls at Liverpool, with their employees and musicians, and with the aid of the film-renters, combined to raise a sum of more than £1,000 for the prevention of tuberculosis. Not a penny was being charged for expenses, not a copper in profit made. But when application was made for permission to give the arranged entertainments on a Sunday it was turned down by the Theatres Committee of the Liverpool Justices, showing that the ways of men in authority still pass understanding.

Yes! We Will Remember.

Beautiful and touching was the ceremony when in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester the Prince of Wales lit the Lamp of Remembrance for the fallen. Sobs sounded as the words were quoted, "They shall grow not old as we who are left grow old; age shall not weary them nor the years condemn. At that going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them." To the great response that followed, "We will remember them," there must be an addition. We must determine with one tremendous will, "Such awful pouring forth of human life must never be again."

His Mate's Heroism.

When David Inglis and Ernest Johnson, two young labourers, were making draining excavations in Bury Old Road, Crumpsall, both were suddenly buried in quicksands. Superhuman efforts for eight hours were needed before they could be completely rescued and even then Inglis owed his life to his friend. Johnson, on his hands and knees, supported on his back for three solid hours a great load of earth, and the slightest movement on his part would have overwhelmed his friend and sealed him in a living tomb. Ernie Johnson is a real pal of whom any man would be proud.

Still Fighting for Justice.

Ernest Taylor, the ex-warder of Wandsworth Prison, is still fighting against adversity. Taylor was dismissed from the prison service after being severely injured in the course of his duties. He was denied a pension on the grounds that he had been subject to fits before receiving the injuries in question, a preposterous excuse. He is now in sadly reduced circumstances and broken in health. In writing to thank us for help from the "Greatest of These——" Fund, he begs us to make one more appeal to the authorities for reconsideration of his case.

Mischievous Methods.

We have little doubt that the Chelmsford motor-bandits, sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment at the Old Bailey, richly deserved their fate. Nevertheless, we join with Judge Atherley-Jones in condemning the methods of the police, who showed photographs to a witness before the identification parade. Such a procedure is open to the grossest abuse.

"Miracles" and Madness.

It is stated that eight people who had attended the faith-healing services of "Pastor" Jeffreys have since been certified insane. The pastor retorts that God never made any man insane, and that there is an evil power working against him. We are ever loth to criticise a sincere religious mission, but we look with suspicion on all evangelist crusades which depend for their success purely upon emotional appeal. To work up a congregation into semi-hysteria must be physically, if not spiritually, dangerous.

Shades of Scrooge!

Members of the Chippenham Board of Guardians recently held an exhaustive debate on a proposal that a trifling extra grant might be made at Christmastide to all permanent out-door poor chargeable to the union. Thirteen members voted in favour of the proposal and fourteen voted against it. By one vote the poor people in question lose a trifle which might have brought them Christmas cheer, and the thrifty guardians save £19 odd! The names of the voters should be published and the fourteen Scrooges shown up!

A Modern Fagin.

Well did Detective John Smith merit the compliment of the Marylebone magistrate on the capture of George Gray, a notorious ex-convict. He was arrested while loitering at West End Lane, West Hampstead, accompanied by a youth named Thomas O'Sullivan, whom he was tutoring in crime. In face of the fact that Gray had already been sentenced to five terms of penal servitude, we submit he should have been committed for trial as an habitual criminal. Nine months is too little for a schoolmaster of criminals.

The Mess of Pottage.

Owing to severe injury to the head received during the war, Leonard Busby, forty-eight, is not mentally normal. He has a wife and child to support, and when charged at Marylebone Police Court with placing himself in Baker Street for the purpose of gathering alms, it was stated that he did not now receive a pension as he had accepted a lump sum of £28 in full settlement. Small wonder that the magistrate described this as a very bad bargain. For the Ministry of Pensions to take so mean an advantage of ex-Service men is a national scandal.

Petty Indeed!

At Bangor Petty Sessions recently three men were charged with the heinous offence of removing sand from the foreshore at Ballyholme. In the course of the evidence it transpired that, in one case, the "stolen" sand was in a child's toy bucket, and the magistrates very rightly dismissed the case, the chairman observing that it was "a very paltry prosecution." It really is preposterous that such a charge should have been brought, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will be as careful with the ratepayers' money as they are with their sand!

Kingston's Priceless Authorities.

Since our criticism of Kingston authorities for causing builders to conform with by-laws which were revoked by the Minister of Health two years ago, surprising activity has been displayed. The mayor and ex-mayor visited the Minister and asked if he could possibly change his decision. Their mission was fruitless. Kingston authorities had ample time in which to frame new by-laws, and the fact that they only submitted them for approval last month, coupled with this request for the reinstatement of the old ones, reflects little credit upon them.

How We are Tricked.

For failing to notify his change of address, a young Italian waiter was at Bow Street fined 40s. and recommended for deportation. The evidence proved that he had entered the country as a student, but had worked here as a waiter. Moreover, he had written a letter to a countryman advising him: "You must come saying you are a merchant, and have on you a letter from a merchant saying you are wanted in England." It is not pleasant to learn how simple it is to trick British immigration authorities.

Ashton's Annual.

The annual report of Henry Allen Ashton's London Financial Service, Ltd., can always be counted upon to raise a smile. Under the heading "Advertising," Henry announces that he has been "obliged to countermand" his advertisement in a certain daily paper "owing to congestion of business." Before you form a mental picture of Henry Mussolini Ashton issuing his "countermand," let us break it to you gently that his advertisements are discontinued simply because the paper in question has declined them!

Progress and Protection.

The Progress Tea Company, of Shields Row, Glasgow, whose agents have lately been busy in the Dundee district, offers "free cash gifts" to its customers. A perusal of this company's printed matter shows that it protects itself in the usual manner favoured by touting tea firms. "The selection of the customers, districts, and times of payment being with the company, no specified time is set for payment to any particular customer or district" runs its saving clause, so housewives should be cautious.

House-hunting Hoax.

A lady who was attracted by an advertisement offering unfurnished rooms and flats got into touch with Harvey and Collier, of High Holborn. Eventually she paid them £24 in respect of certain property, but months passed and nothing materialised. She was put off with various excuses and the return of her money was promised should she not be fixed up by a certain date. Suffice it to say that she did not receive satisfaction, and as Harvey and Collier have now disappeared from their Holborn office she is in somewhat of a quandary.

Doorstep Salesmen.

Don't listen to the stories of doorstep salesmen. This may sound unnecessary advice, but our post-bag shows that countless people get taken in with age-old tricks. A salesman representing himself as a traveller from George Butcher and Co., of Stockport Road, Manchester, has been operating in Wavertree. After booking up orders for bargain goods he persuaded a lady to purchase a length of cloth for cash. Subsequent correspondence with Butcher and Co. has been returned by the postal authorities. It is an old dodge for securing sales.

A Fine Reputation!

"Bet with the firm with a reputation" is the slogan of W. White, of Little Pulteney Street, London, W. Amongst other assurances, W. White also declares in his printed matter that winnings are sent to clients by return of post, and that "daily settlement" is his great feature. He further declares that he is the only "responsible Turf accountant" making such offers. All this sounds very well, but readers who have been unlucky in the matter of "daily settlements" now complain that W. White has "gone away."

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Owing to the Christmas Holidays, "John Bull" will be on sale on THURSDAY next week, one day later than usual.

Problems of Life

What Christmas Means

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

EARLY in the present year I had the privilege of visiting the land where Jesus Christ was born, grew up, laboured, taught, created some public interest, died one of the cruellest of deaths, and afterwards set going the greatest movement for the uplift of mankind that the world has ever known.

Charles Dickens

That little country still possesses a living interest for any person who knows the story of the birth of Mary's Child at Bethlehem, and all that followed therefrom as told in the Bible.

Yet when I was there I was informed that an English lady left Jerusalem on Christmas Eve because she was bored. She went to Cairo to have a good time.

Think of it! Bethlehem was next door—the scene of the event that made Christmas possible—and she went away from it in order to have the kind of Christmas she could enjoy.

I AM not finding fault; I am only noting a fact which some of my friends tell me is typical of the age.

They say Christmas is now mainly a pagan festival with nothing of Christ left in it.

That I do not believe; it seems to me impossible.

As a fact, the pagan festival which Christmas replaced was an orgy of feasting and enjoyment that had little that was sweet and elevating about it. We can never go back to that.

Christmas is pre-eminently the season of love, tenderness and brotherly kindness.

We know where that came from and why. If Christ had never lived the world would have been a harder place.

If our hearts are softer at Christmas time than ordinarily, it is because of the new spirit He breathed into human relations.

If old grudges are forgotten then; if generosity and good will drive out harshness and cruelty; if people like to get together and help one another instead of hurting and over-reaching one another, it is because Christ showed us the way.

CHARLES DICKENS was the finest interpreter of the real spirit of Christmas that England possessed in the last century; and the fact that his writings command as great a sale as ever is proof that his countrymen value this and believe in it.

The pictures he drew of Christmas are immortal, and they are all pictures of simple, homely, human fellowship, of warm affection and harmless joy.

We need another Dickens to-day, the master who can lead us back to the simplicities of life and show us the beauty of mutual service.

Where is the man who can cast a wizard spell over nations as well as over individuals, and compel us to make Christmas indeed the festival of the Prince of Peace?

The world longs for his advent.

A DASTARDLY OUTRAGE

ENGLISHWOMAN'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE

High-handed Italians

A SCANDALOUS outrage has recently been perpetrated by Mussolini's black-shirts on an Englishwoman travelling in Italy, the circumstances of which call for firm action by the Foreign Office.

When Mussolini's thugs turn their attention to an Englishwoman travelling in Italy with a passport issued by the British Foreign Secretary and bearing the visa of the Italian Government itself, it is time to say something.

The victim of the outrage is a widow, Mrs. Madge Russell, well known for many years in the theatrical profession as a teacher of dancing.

Last summer she went on a Continental tour with a company known as "The Twelve Russell Girls," and they had a successful season as far as Milan.

The soldier arrives

Their next city was Rome, to which they travelled by an early morning train. The whole company was tired out when seats were taken in the Rome express. Very soon after the train had started they were all sound asleep.

Mrs. Russell, together with her manageress, Miss Franks, shared a compartment with two other English ladies, the wife and daughter of a well-known North London doctor. Some distance outside Milan the train pulled up at a wayside station.

The only one awake at the time was the doctor's daughter, who states that the carriage door was opened by a man, apparently looking for a seat. He disappeared and the train went on.

Immediately after, a Fascist soldier came down the corridor and stopped at the door of the compartment, which was reserved for ladies.

A deadly crime

Without any preliminaries the soldier grabbed hold of her legs and threw her feet off the seat with such violence that her head was banged against the window. The noise was sufficient to wake up everyone in the compartment and Mrs. Russell herself protested vigorously.

The soldier, a true minion of Mussolini, was indignant that anyone should question his right to manhandle a woman. He jabbered incoherently and heatedly accused Mrs. Russell of being French.

Mrs. Russell explained that she was English and produced her passport. This infuriated the black-shirted brute, and he threw back her passport and also her tickets.

To belong to a race notorious for its insistence on the liberty of the individual is a deadly crime in Italy these days. He pushed her back on to her seat, punched her chest and spat in her face.

Pandemonium broke loose, and Mrs. Russell retaliated as best she could. The warrior retired down the corridor, shouting for reinforcements. In a couple of minutes he returned to the attack accompanied by several other black-shirt youths.

They mounted guard over her until the train drew up at Parma station, then dragged her out on to the platform. Mrs. Russell was pulled to the local prison and hustled into a cell with the butts of rifles.

Terrifying companions

By this time the distracted lady was in a state of hysteria. She

Mrs. Russell

screamed for help, frantically beating against the bolted door.

When she came to her senses, she discovered that there was another occupant of the cell, a poor, demented creature who ran up and down kissing a picture and occasionally going down on bended knees.

For twenty-three dreadful hours Mrs. Russell endured this purgatory, her terrors being increased by the presence of huge rats. All that she was given was a bowl of water. Finally she was taken by a wardress, with the rest of the prisoners, into the prison yard.

She was the only foreigner there, and some of her companions, misled by her bedraggled appearance, took her for a lunatic and poked fun at her. She, on her side, felt convinced from their behaviour that she was in a lunatic asylum.

A crowning indignity

Her next ordeal was to appear before the prison authorities, who took impressions of her finger-prints and had her features sketched. As a last indignity, her wedding-ring was taken from her finger.

Back she was taken to the cell, with its eerie inmates. Her terror was not diminished when the wardress informed her, by dumb-show, that the other woman was there for murdering her husband.

Two more days passed, without any sign of the longed-for release, and Mrs. Russell, by this time a complete wreck, apparently swooned away. At any rate, as dawn was breaking, she woke up to find herself drenched in blood which had come either from her mouth or nose.

She was examined some hours later by the prison doctor, who told her it was lucky she had had this discharge as it had relieved the pressure of blood on her brain.

The doctor thereafter treated her as a patient and after two more days' imprisonment, making five in all, is understood to have stated that he would not be responsible for her health unless she was released.

A free woman!

Without one word of explanation of her treatment, Mrs. Russell was coolly informed by the prison authorities that she was now a free woman! They courteously returned her wedding-ring, and she was permitted to proceed unaccompanied to Rome.

There she was met by the doctor's wife and daughter and by the members of her company, who took her to their hotel.

After some days in bed under close medical attention, she approached the British Ambassador in Rome, who advised her to take action against the Italian Government for false imprisonment and assault.

She was put in touch with a solicitor and was also advanced about £16 towards her costs.

She claimed heavy damages, and the case was heard in Parma, where she had been in prison. The Italian Government brought a counter-action. It was that she had been found with her feet on a railway carriage seat!

Under the régime of the Saviour of Italy, assault and battery is an amiable pastime, murder is a virtue, but to place one's feet on the property of the State—to wit, a railway carriage seat—is a deadly crime!

The chief concern

None the less, Mrs. Russell won her case, or at least understood that she had, but she has not received one farthing damages from the Italian Government.

She has pressed her case with the Foreign Office, but at the moment has received little satisfaction. The Foreign Office, in fact, seems more concerned about the recovery from Mrs. Russell of the money lent to her for her litigation.

The Foreign Office may consider it a light matter for an Englishwoman to be treated as Mrs. Russell was. We do not, nor does the British public.

This is not the first time that such a thing has happened, and unless Signor Mussolini is given a few plain words, it will not be the last.

But perhaps words count for nothing. Perhaps the only thing that would bring him and his minions to their senses is one of those little wars which they are so anxious to have with their Continental neighbours. They would then have men to fight, and not women.

A Four-Bob Fortune

Why Remain Poor?

THE latest mail order monger to come to our notice is a person named Wm. G. Wilson, of Toronto, Canada, and, judging from a sheaf of circulars before us at the moment, he is hoping to do "big business" in this country.

"If this letter was written on a 20-dollar bill it would not be any more valuable to you than the message it now contains" is his arresting method of addressing prospective clients, who may be surprised to learn that Mr. Wilson subsequently values his wonderful offer at 4s. 2d.

Briefly, Mr. Wilson's scheme is as follows: He wishes clients to have 1,000 circulars printed "on good quality paper," 1,000 letters and 1,000 return envelopes addressed to Mr. Wilson in Toronto.

"Some" possibility

The client is then to advertise to the effect that £5 may be easily earned by spare-time work, and, when people reply to this advertisement, he is to send out his circulars, with a letter calling attention to a booklet entitled "Selected Opportunities."

For every order which Mr. Wilson receives for the said booklet through his clients' efforts he undertakes to pay 50 per cent. commission.

"Were it possible for you to get into circulation one million and they all resulted in orders," declares Mr. Wilson, "this would earn for you 50,000 dollars, or around £10,000 sterling."

Before you jump at this four-and-twopenny fortune let us give you a few particulars of the booklet, "Selected Opportunities," taken from one of Mr. Wilson's own circulars, which describes it as "the most valuable book of business chances that ever came from the press."

The booklet is divided into twenty-four sections, and it is impossible for us to cover its entire scope. Many of the sections are mail-order plans, but there are others more original.

Coining the dollars

Section 7, for instance, "tells how to make a new 'relish' and create an established business with it." Section 8 tells how a fifteen-year-old boy with no capital can start a "co-operative store."

Another section gives a "plan for coining the dollars in any town," while one of the mail-order schemes is said to yield 600 per cent. profit.

Section 23, we are told, is "not a 'skidoo plan.' It's about the best thing in the whole book." With the appetite thus whetted, who would not be curious to find out what section 23 is?

The final section includes a "bunch" of business tips by the author. "You should," declares the circular, "find things in this section to make you independent."

The odd thing is that, with all these money-spinning schemes at his finger-tips, Mr. Wilson is reduced to the occupation of selling them to others at 4s. 2d. a time!

MISSING LAWYER MYSTERY

A LEGAL LAW DODGER

Where is Edward Henry Coopman?

WHAT is the story behind the mysterious disappearance from public life of one of the leading solicitors of the City of London, a lawyer whose name had been known for years all over the country?

The gentleman is Mr. Edward Henry Coopman, who was born in October, 1884, and became a practising lawyer exactly twenty-three years later.

Almost immediately he made himself felt as a legal adviser of no mean order, and those who knew him well were not surprised when he ultimately established himself in well-appointed offices in Giltspur Street, Holborn Viaduct, with a large staff of assistants, and with an extensive practice.

His clients included some of the largest and most respected firms in the City and, as might be expected from one whose prosperity was so complete, Mr. Coopman was a familiar figure at London's best hotels, and was constantly to be seen in the company of distinguished people.

To-day things have changed. Mr. Coopman is no longer to be found at his City offices, nor does he ever frequent the hotels wherein his name had become a household word.

The key to the mystery

That he should have lapsed suddenly into obscurity at the height of his fame suggests a mystery of a tantalising type.

When Coopman left his offices a few months ago he must have left them with the knowledge that he had been for some time in financial difficulties, and that creditors were pressing him vainly for huge sums they claimed to be due to them.

A firm in the City, who rightly or wrongly claimed a sum of something like £3,000, petitioned to make him a bankrupt. They succeeded and a receiving order was made against him.

When the time came for Mr. Coopman to submit to the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy a statement of his affairs he did so, admitting debts due to creditors of only £9,000.

This was later discovered to be entirely inadequate for the purposes of the Official Receiver, and the lawyer was ordered to submit a revised statement within a certain period of time which was required to include all his liabilities.

He has not done so, though the stipulated time has long since passed. This omission, unfortunately for others, is not Coopman's only offence.

A mighty host

He has, for instance, been twice ordered to appear before the High Court to undergo his public examination, and he has twice neglected to do so.

Mr. Coopman has filed, as we say, a statement admitting debts to the extent of £9,000. It will, therefore, come as a surprise to the public when we say that, to the date of going to press, claims have been received from creditors to the extent of no less than £40,000!

A Bond Street moneylender, for example, has claimed £2,600 in respect of certain loans, and sums varying from hundreds to thousands are petitioned for in this extraordinary financial calamity by firms of law stationers, tailors, builders, car-hiring contractors, cigar merchants, produce companies and furniture dealers.

The lowest claim is one of only a few pounds, while the highest is a formidable sum running into many thousands.

Nevertheless, the extraordinary thing is that, so far, no official effort seems to have been made to compel Mr. Coopman to explain his conduct.

Near and yet so far

This lack of action is all the more remarkable when one considers that less-pretentious bankrupts, who have acted similarly, have not enjoyed the same immunity.

Warrants have been issued immediately for their arrest, and they have been brought to the Bankruptcy Court under compulsion.

Why, then, should Coopman be so favoured? The official answer, apparently, seems to be that he is no longer in London, or, for that matter, in England.

He is stated to be in Roumania; but from information in our possession, however, he would appear to be far nearer London than that.

Until quite recently he was corresponding with people in this country from an address in Rue Scribe, Paris, where he has been staying with a friend!

Before he disappeared from England people were adding to his secret troubles by commencing litigation against him. One is a reader of this journal, and his story makes interesting reading.

This gentleman was interested in the purchase of certain property, and Mr. Coopman acted for a time as his legal adviser.

A firm with which a bill was negotiated during the transaction

Mr. A. H. Coley, LL.D., President of the Law Society

sued our reader, however, and judgment was given against him.

In turn, he has now issued a writ against Mr. Coopman, but proceedings are "in the air" owing to the latter's continued absence from this country.

Bring him back!

In these circumstances the public will agree that the mystery of Edward Henry Coopman is one which should be cleared up without delay.

With such huge sums at stake, and with the orders of the court defied, we think it only fair and proper that every step should be taken to make Mr. Coopman attend the Bankruptcy Court without delay, to give his explanations there as all other bankrupts are compelled by law to do.

There is no earthly reason why he should be allowed to evade the public examination, which his creditors are entitled by law to demand, and in the interests of justice he should be found and brought back to this country at the earlist moment.

Panic and the Panacea

Gush for the Gullible

AN active advertising campaign is at present being waged by the mysterious Panacea Society, of Ebury Street, S.W., and posters invite the public to write for "protection in the coming crisis."

Applicants receive a little buff card, ornamented with eight squares.

Apart from offering "protection in danger from foreign enemies, in civil strife and earthquake," the society is still actively distributing its cure-all specific through "C.S.S. The Medical Department."

This consists of a piece of linen about an inch square, which is accompanied by instructions.

Easy money

The benefits that water, in which this little square of linen has been soaked, is said to confer are legion.

If your financial affairs are not all you could wish, simply dip a little piece of cardboard in the prepared water and place it in your pocket-book, at the same time sprinkling a few drops of the water over your pass-book, cash-box or till.

One might be inclined to let such absurdities pass were it not that there is a more serious aspect.

Sound advice

What, for instance, is likely to be the effect of the following announcement upon simple-minded folk?

"Slow but sure deliverance from cancer, nerves, consumption, epilepsy, paralysis, rheumatism, eye, ear and throat troubles, etc."

But, after dealing comprehensively with the question of cures, the pamphlet adds: "In all serious cases send for a doctor."

There are, unfortunately, thousands of stricken people who will seize upon anything which offers the slightest grain of hope to them in their affliction, but we cannot advise them to place much faith in a society which, in spite of its "healing and protection," admits that perhaps, after all, doctors are safest!

Two Happy Endings

Grateful Messages to "The Angel"

HERE are two messages to an unknown benefactress, which, while blessing her, bless all those who can look back on the closing year and say, "I have brought happiness to someone less fortunate than myself."

The first is from Mr. and Mrs. Goodall of Middlesex Wharf, Lea Bridge. Readers of JOHN BULL will remember how, nearly a year ago, we published a description of the circumstances in which the Goodalls found themselves.

Goodall was seeking desperately for work. His wife had given birth to a baby which seemed to have been brought into the world only to starve.

The good Samaritan

In our article, we told how some good woman, "The Angel of S.W.6," as we called her, had sent us £100 to be devoted to their good.

The months have passed, and to-day the young father is at work in a large motor factory and the girl mother happily tends a healthy little son.

She writes to us in grateful tones: "No words that I can write could really thank our good Samaritan. Health and happiness have come to my baby and myself."

Saved from despair

But we have yet another message. It is from a nurse who early this year opened her heart to "Humanist." The strain of operation after operation had beaten down her morale, until she became a drug addict.

A soul-destroying mental depression had hold of her when she wrote to us. Then the greatness of another gave her hope. "The Angel" had given £100 to her also.

She is studying to-day to become a nurse-secretary, and hopes (to use her own words), "in some measure, I may be enabled to pass on to others something of what she has shown to me." There is no moral greater than the one in this story.

A DANGEROUS CLINIC

DUBIOUS ADVICE BUREAU

A Guileful Gynæcologist

THOSE who consult quacks in preference to doctors must do so at their own risk. When, however, the quack makes a point of secrecy feelings of suspicion are naturally aroused

WE feel it our duty to warn the public against a peculiarly dangerous quack, who has just opened a publicity campaign under the title of "Professor" George Foster.

On the surface, Foster gives the impression of being among the more innocuous of the unqualified amateurs in medicine who, if they do not succeed in doing their patients much good, at least do them very little harm other than financial.

He is the author of a pamphlet entitled, "A Treatise in Plain Language on Indigestion and Stomach Disorders," which is published by Foster, Gurrey and Co., Ltd., from Oxford House, Oxford Street, W.

The apparent purpose of the pamphlet is to advertise the dietetic wonders of a registered prescription called "Digestus."

A puzzling notice

We are relieved to note that it contains "no bismuth" nor any drugs, that it is not a "quack medicine," and that not only will money be returned to unsatisfied clients, but that £100 will be paid to any charity if all that is said about "Digestus" is not true in substance and in fact.

We are prepared to concede at the moment that "Digestus" is all that Professor Foster says it is, and that the firm of Foster, Gurrey and Co., Ltd., as a firm, genuinely believes that, in "pushing" its specific, it is embarking on a lofty and seasonable mission.

But that is as far as we go. What interests us much more than all the blather about "Digestus" is the following notice, printed on the cover of the pamphlet:

ADVICE BUREAU.

We have available the services of a specialist in the diseases of women. If you suffer from any trouble or complaint and you do not care to have a personal consultation with your doctor, relative to same, write us frankly (your letter will be treated in the strictest confidence and will be seen only by the specialist) giving full particulars and symptoms, with your age, and if married or single.

If your complaint is indigestion or attributable thereto, advice is free. In all other cases a 2s. 6d. postal order must be enclosed. Address "Gynæcologist," Messrs. Foster, Gurrey and Co., Ltd., Oxford House, 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

These paragraphs are worth reading closely. What we wonder, is the "trouble"—note that word—or "complaint" concerning which a woman does not care to have a professional consultation with her own doctor?

Can the doctor not be trusted to treat the consultation in "strictest confidence"? That surely cannot be the reason. Not even a quack will suggest that indiscretion is a common failing in the medical profession.

What, then, is it? What interpretation are we to put on the paragraph? What trouble is it that "Gynæcologist" is prepared to advise on for 2s. 6d.?

Perhaps "Gynæcologist" will tell us to what he does refer.

And, again, who is this "specialist"? Is it "Professor" Foster himself?

A sinister practice

We have been watching "Professor" Foster for some time and are left in no doubt that he is a dangerous quack, unworthy of the confidence of any distressed woman into whose hands the advertisement of the precious "Advice Bureau" may fall.

He has hitherto posed as an adept in birth control, and has run clinics in various neighbourhoods. One had headquarters in the East End.

His method of procuring clients was open to the strongest criticism. While professing to give advice only to married people and "those over twenty-one years of age and engaged to be married," he was discovered sending pamphlets to young girls whose names appeared in the prize-winning lists of competitions.

He cropped up in Sydenham, and more recently was known by the name of "doctor" in Upton Park.

A curious sidelight is thrown on the character of this pamphleteer and self-styled "professor" who invites women in trouble to open their hearts to him, and trust him with their innermost secrets—such secrets, mark you, as are not to be taken to the family doctor.

A strange discovery

Some weeks ago we warned the public against a rascal whom we termed the "Monomark Beggar," who was sending out appeals from Boleyn Road, E., under the name of "Geoffrey C. Banbury."

In the list of directors of Foster, Gurrey and Co., Ltd., is George Charles Foster of the same address in Boleyn Road.

A call was made at the joint address of these two brilliant lights in the pamphleteering world, by someone anxious to assist poor old Geoffrey, the "Monomark Beggar." The lady of the house was informative.

"Of course, you know," quoth she, "my husband's name is not Banbury. He is Foster of birth control fame." In support of her claim she produced a card inscribed "Prof. George C. Foster, Gynæcologist."

The real purpose of the begging-letter, she added, was to obtain money to set up another clinic!

In view of the foregoing, we strongly advise the other partners in Foster, Gurrey and Co., Ltd., to stick to "Digestus," and cut out "Professor" Foster and the dangerous "Advice Bureau."

A TITLED TOUT

BARONET'S SCARING CIRCULARS

Offers to Shun

THE possession of a titled name carries responsibility. People are led to place trust in the owner. Care must be taken that in no way is this confidence let down

THAT inexperienced investors too often allow themselves to be influenced by the appearance of a titled name on a circular cannot be denied.

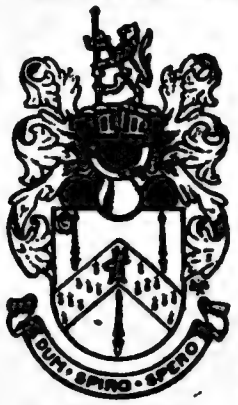
It is also unfortunately true that certain titled people lend their names again and again to dubious propositions.

A baronet who has offended in this respect more than once, and who has been particularly active of late, is Sir Alexander Young Spearman, Bt., of Kensington Gardens Square, W.

The imposing crest

He operates from a number of offices, chief amongst them being located in Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

Sir Alexander's coat-of-arms and crest are most imposing. "Debrett's Illustrated Peerage" describes them as under:



Sir A. Spearman's coat-of-arms

Arms: Azure, on a chevron ermine between three tilting spears, argent, headed, or, a red deer's head erased proper.

Crest: A lion rampant proper, gorged with a collar gemelle or, supporting a tilting spear also proper, enfiled with a mural crown or.

The motto of the baronet's family is "*Dum Spiro Spero*"—"While I breathe I hope." He certainly centres his hopes in finance, and he may be said to know quite a lot about company matters.

Quite recently he has been sending out circulars to shareholders in a concern called British Glues and Chemicals, Ltd., taking for granted their "anxiety" regarding the depreciation of their "original investment."

With these circulars the baronet sends a set of printed questions, which he asks them to complete. Shareholders are asked how many shares they hold, what they paid for them, whether they are satisfied with the way the business has been conducted, whether they feel hopeful about the future success of the company.

Playing on fear

Finally, they are asked whether they would dispose of their holdings if shown a scheme whereby further loss could be checked.

Similar scaremonger tactics have been used before, when people have been frightened out of their existing holdings and induced to take up other shares.

Circulars and questions were recently sent out from the Shaftesbury Avenue office to shareholders of the Oropuche (Trinidad) Oilfields, Ltd.

In due course they were followed with a suggestion to the effect that they should exchange their holdings for shares in the Independent Oil Distributing Co., Ltd., the transaction to be arranged through Spearman, Slocombe and Co.

In a prospectus accompanying this proposal, Spearman, Slocombe and Co. figured as "brokers" for the Independent Oil Distributing Co., Ltd., and this resulted in an action before Mr. Justice Tomlin in the Chancery Division.

Counsel for the oil company referred to the operations as a barefaced attempt to impose upon the public, and the action ended in the judge granting injunctions restraining Spearman and Slocombe from representing themselves as the company's brokers or agents, and from making any further use of the prospectus.

A call from the baronet

Another venture pushed by Sir Alexander Spearman in recent months is Messrs. Courtney Morris and Co., Ltd., a notorious concern of which he himself was secretary.

The company dealt in all manner of trashy shares and the baronet's name was used to some purpose to impress unsuspecting people.

Sir Alexander Spearman once favoured us with a visit in connection with a concern called the British Allied Estates, a swindle operated by the notorious American share-pusher, Jacob Factor, and in which Spearman figured as a director.

The object of the baronet's call upon us was "to obtain advice" as to the advisability of his "good name" being associated with such a concern.

An unconvincing excuse

Needless to say, we advised him to have nothing whatever to do with it, with the result that he ultimately resigned, informing the public that he would never have had anything to do with it at all if the business had been explained to him beforehand.

For a time it must be admitted that Sir Alexander kept away from propositions of this nature, but now he is figuring conspicuously once more in the share-pushing arena, and associating his name with one dubious concern and another. The excuse, then, made is one on which we cannot place reliance.

There is no doubt that in many instances the impressive use of a title has led to serious financial disaster for the uninitiated, and the public should bear in mind that a proposition is not necessarily sound because it bears a titled man at the helm.

Sir Alexander's ramping lion and three tilting spears are doubtless very inspiring, but a baronet of Sir Alexander's status should think twice before permitting his name to be flaunted in dubious share-peddling transactions.

A NEW CHRISTMAS SWINDLE

THE MEANEST DODGE OF ALL

Hoaxing the Hungry

THAT Christmas, the season of peace and good will, should be exploited by some as an opportune time for plundering the unfortunate is utterly despicable. Yet a clever trickster has already succeeded in robbing numerous poor people, and others should be well on their guard.

The following pathetic story of one of his many victims, a widow whose meagre income compels her to live from hand to mouth, will serve as a typical example of this unscrupulous rascal's plan of campaign.

Mrs. Plum, who resides in a tenement in Southwold Road, Hackney, lost her husband during his service with the Colours, and has found it a terrible struggle during the past few years to feed and bring up her five children on the pension granted to her.

Her eldest son, George, is twenty, and the poor mother's troubles have been added to by the fact that he has been out of work for the past thirteen months.

The daily tramp

For a time he drew the "dole," but the period for which it was granted expired, and George had to struggle on as best he could. He was no shirker. Daily he tramped the streets in the weary search for work, and his delight can be imagined when, at last, it seemed that good fortune had smiled upon him.

A man, giving his name as James Watson, called at the humble Hackney home one day, and asked Mrs. Plum if it were true that she had a boy who was seeking work.

He explained that he was the "foreman-manager" for a big firm of transport brokers engaged in business at the London docks, who required a large number of good workers immediately owing to the Christmas rush.

George, so Mr. Watson's story went, had been specially recommended for one of these posts, and the "foreman-manager" had journeyed down to see him, as it would be necessary to start without delay.

The name of the person who had "recommended" George was that of a lady whom Mrs. Plum had known for years, and any suspicions which the mother might have entertained were dispelled when Mr. Watson explained that his firm made it a rule never to get men from the employment exchange, because it had discovered long ago that such people were generally "rotters," who preferred to draw the "dole" rather than do an honest day's work.

Unfolding the tale

"An honest day's work." How good it sounded! The heavy heart of Mrs. Plum lightened considerably as Mr. Watson's story unfolded. The wages were £2 10s. a week; the work consisted of travelling on the firm's lorries to distant towns, loading and unloading goods.

Although George would be away for several days at a time when distant towns were visited, Mr. Watson declared that he would be in good company, as the drivers employed by the firm were all honourable, good-living men!

George was eager, too, when he heard of the offer, and started off with Mr. Watson for the head office. As they passed a tea-shop, Mr. Watson kindly invited him in to take a cup of tea.

Over the cup that cheers, Mr. Watson came to the point. How was George off for cash? The latter replied that he hadn't a cent. "When did you have your last smoke?" observed the benevolent Mr. Watson. On hearing that it was over a week ago he immediately handed his companion three cigarettes.

The cruel shock

He then raised the question of lodging money, telling George that he would be going to Plymouth with a lorry and would be there two or three days.

George had not anticipated this point, and saw the golden job slipping away. But Mr. Watson came to the rescue, saying that if George would sign a receipt for 15s. he would secure him an advance.

George complied, and was given a letter addressed to a Mr. Searle, at the Star Warehouse, Victoria Dock Road, while Mr. Watson explained that he had to hunt up other men.

When George got to Victoria Dock Road he received a shock! He could not find the Star Warehouse, so he went up to a policeman for advice.

"Are you another of the poor devils who have been swindled?" asked the constable in surprise. Then he explained to the unhappy job-seeker that there was no Star Warehouse, and the whole thing was a fraud.

A second shock awaited this poor fellow after he had tramped back to his home. Mr. Watson, he found,

Brigadier-General Sir William Horwood, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, to whom we look to place the wily Watson under lock and key

had been there in his absence, and had presented George's receipt to his mother, telling her that he had advanced the money, and that her boy was already on his way to Plymouth!

In this way the unsuspecting woman had been induced to hand Mr. Watson the cash, which she had to borrow from a neighbour!

Mother and son went to their local police station, where they encountered another of Watson's victims, who they found had also parted with money that same day!

Complaints are numerous from various parts, and for five months Mr. Watson, who sometimes uses the names of Andrew and Ellis, has been duping people in the same way.

He is well known to the police, having already been to jail for fraud. His present "seasonal" swindle is about the cruellest sort of fraud we have ever known, and we trust the authorities will make an earnest effort to secure his apprehension at once.

A KNITTER FLITTER

The Yarn-spinning Lady—Cruel Home-work Catch

LADIES in various parts of the country have been attracted by an advertisement calling for hand-knitters to make children's garments at home, and, reassured by the lure of "constant employment," have sent cash deposits for wool in the expectation of adding to their incomes.

Unfortunately, the experience of several of our readers has been anything but happy, and a few words of warning seem desirable.

A Worcester lady who answered the advertisement got into touch with Mrs. P. E. Mason, of Naunton Beauchamp, Pershore, and sent 5s. as deposit for some hanks of silk.

Labour in vain

In due course she received a number of odds and ends from which she contrived to make part of a garment, but when she wrote to Mrs. Mason again, asking for more material, her letters were ignored.

An Essex reader who also paid a deposit of 5s. completed a garment, which she sent to Mrs. Mason. She now complains that she has not been remunerated for her labours and applications for the refund of her deposit have been ignored.

From Pershore Mrs. Mason flitted to Gussey Park, Charbrook, Yelverton, South Devon, from which address she continued to conduct her home-knitting "business."

A pathetic plea

Further complaints now began to reach us. A Cheshire reader wrote to say that she had sent the usual 5s. deposit and had heard nothing more. She did not even receive the material.

With so many queries accumulating we wrote to Mrs. Mason for an explanation. At first our correspondence was ignored, but at long last a letter came assuring us that the matter we had raised would be settled up "without fail."

Mrs. Mason pictured herself as a struggling widow with two children to support, and implored us not to publish anything against her in JOHN BULL. Apparently, it did not strike her that the same might easily be applicable to some of her disappointed clients.

She further stated that she would be in London shortly and would then call in and make a personal explanation.

Because of this and because of her earnest assurance that she intended to straighten out her affairs we naturally refrained from taking any further action for the moment.

The lady eventually came to London, but she did not favour us with a visit. She wrote instead, dating her epistle from one of the great London shops, and, in fact, employing their stationery.

In good company

Again she declared that she was doing her utmost to settle her liabilities, and requested us to address any further queries to her Devon residence.

It so happened that we had another query to deal with on the very next day. A South London reader had appealed to us, and her story was much the same as the others.

She had, she declared, sent 5s. deposit to Mrs. Mason, being impressed with her earnest assurance that the proposition was a good one.

"I quite realise," wrote Mrs. Mason, "how careful one must be as I know from experience that there are heaps of people who are frauds."

Patriotic assurance

She also stated that she could not send the wool without a cash deposit as she had been very badly let down through doing so in the past, but, she added, "I give you my word of honour as a British woman that all work returned to us done by our own instructions, and clean, will be paid for."

How did these assurances work out in practice? Our reader states that she received about four ounces of wool that had evidently been used before. She knitted a tunic in accordance with instructions and posted it on to Mrs. Mason. From that time she heard nothing more.

We promptly wrote to Mrs. Mason at her Devon address, as she had instructed us to do in her letter of the day before. Our communication has now come back to us with the illuminating inscription, "Gone away—Address unknown."

A Woman's Vain Fight

The Fruitless Petition

AT Goole there has just been enacted a tragic little drama, in which a vain fight has been made by nearly three hundred people to save a local woman from incarceration in a mental institution.

The woman in question is Miss Ethel Lockwood, aged thirty-three, and she had come under the notice of the authorities through striking some children who were gibing at her. There is little doubt that she acted under great provocation, but her brief loss of self-control led to a charge of common assault.

A common danger

Following this charge the authorities recommended her removal to an institution as a mental defective, evidence being called to show that her attendance at school had been brief on account of her backwardness.

The West Riding County Council medical officer also stated that Miss Lockwood had failed to pass the ordinary intelligence tests, and expressed the opinion that she would be better off in an institution. He suggested that it would save her from "moral disaster."

In some circumstances the foregoing evidence might be held to carry considerable weight, but in the present instance there is overwhelming evidence on the other side.

It was very properly pointed out, for instance, that no "moral disaster" had come to Miss Lockwood in the past thirty-three years, and it was less likely to in the future.

That she was backward in many respects was not disputed; but if all people of limited intelligence were to be shut away, existing institutions would be filled many times over.

It was urged on behalf of this unfortunate woman that her mental condition would be less likely to improve if she was herded together with other mental defectives.

A sympathetic decree!

When it was argued against this that she would be "taught an occupation," it was explained that she already had an occupation and was most useful to her mother in helping her with laundry work.

No fewer than 262 neighbours signed a petition of protest, and others came forward to give personal evidence in her favour.

Apart from helping her mother, Miss Lockwood looked after her grandmother, who is eighty-eight.

In the face of all these facts, the Bench decreed that Miss Lockwood would be better off in an institution, although they expressed sympathy with her!

Few people will share that view, for it is clear that a woman who has lived happily and usefully for thirty-three years could have no better surroundings than her mother's home, and no better companions than the kindly and understanding neighbours whose splendid fight on her behalf has unhappily been in vain.

A SCHOOL-CHILD'S TRAGEDY

SENT FROM PILLAR TO POST

Badgered by Bureaucracy

THE failure of the public health authorities to recognise the unfitness of a little girl to attend school has had a tragic sequel.

The central figure in this sad story is Vera Travis, of 104, Granville Buildings, Shoreditch, who is not yet fourteen years of age. She comes of a family among whom the taint of the dread scourge has shown itself repeatedly.

As a representative of JOHN BULL, who investigated the case, sat in the Travis' tiny kitchen, interviewing Vera's parents, the conversation was constantly interrupted by the coughing of a small boy in an adjoining room.

This was Vera's little brother William, who had recently returned from a sanatorium.

A hard fight for life

Over the sad house seemed to brood a grim spectre.

From her birth Vera's fight for life has been hard. Her mother states she was from the beginning pronounced tubercular. She was so delicate that again and again she was unable to attend school.

Gradually her health became worse, and after several weeks' absence from school, her mother was summoned by the education authorities, and a fine of 10s. was imposed.

A few days later, Vera was treated as an out-patient at Great Ormond Street Hospital. She was there told she was unfit for school.

The pressure of the education authorities became so persistent, however, that her mother sent her back to school. Mrs. Travis was then served with a form ordering her to attend before a sub-committee of the education authority.

Mrs. Travis

Between then and February of this year, when the school doctor was asked to examine her, and ordered her to remain at school, Vera has been treated by a private practitioner and also at a chest hospital, where a doctor told Mrs. Travis that her daughter had a very suspicious chest and required watching.

It was only Vera's distressing state of health which prompted her mother to take her once more to the school doctor. For days on end, the child had not eaten a good meal, spending the lunch interval lying on her bed.

Mrs. Travis felt in her heart that the child was ill, but being in very poor circumstances, with other small mouths to feed, she could not pay the fines for non-attendance. So Vera was sent to school.

However, in July last, the mother was so concerned about the child that, in desperation, she was taken into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where a doctor certified her as suffering from tuberculosis.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Travis was offered a letter to Brompton Hospital, which she gladly accepted. Vera underwent an X-ray examination which bore out the views expressed by the doctor at Bart's.

Poor consolation

Again Vera was examined by the school doctor, who ordered her back to school. At once a "B" notice was served on Mrs. Travis, telling her to attend the sub-committee and show cause why she should not be summoned.

The day following she received a letter from the education authorities cancelling this notice!

Poor little Vera, bandied from pillar to post, is now lying in Brompton Hospital, her case definitely recognised as tuberculosis.

The grief-stricken parents have communicated with the Ministry of Health. Avoiding the point, the Ministry merely replies that there is an institution at Brentwood for children suffering from tuberculosis.

This is poor consolation. Although Mr. and Mrs. Travis know that the harm has already been done in their case, they hope that school authorities generally will be more careful in future to see that such errors are not repeated.

THE GREAT BAFFLES BAFFLED

NAPOLEON IN THE LION'S DEN

A Sleight-of-hand Menagerie

ILLUSIONISTS all over the world had better look to their laurels. A mighty plot is being hatched in a bedroom of a small house in Soho to send on tour a magical revue which will make others "look like rags."

This sensational discovery was made through an advertisement in a London daily newspaper for a lady or gentleman of good social position. Once found, this lady or gentleman is offered an excellent position for the investment of £500. Large profits are to be drawn weekly and 20 per cent. is guaranteed.

The figure behind this is the Great Moritz or "Baffles," as we believe he is known in his profession. We admire his ambition and wish him success.

The three bears

At the larger theatres, the profits will be over £1,000 a week, and the weekly expenses for running the show only £200 a week. There will be at least one lion, probably three bears (as they are on tour just now, this is not certain), a tiger or two and many horses and dogs.

Sixteen bandmasters will preside over a band of sixty performers.

But the Great Moritz is the life and death of the show. He will be everywhere—conducting the orchestra, sitting placidly in a box and performing on the stage, all at once!

A wonderful spectacle

Moritz explained one of his turns to a young man who answered his advertisement. He said that he intended to have a beauty chorus. With laudable modesty he explained his own skill in this direction.

"In one scene a dancer will be dancing the swan dance, like Pavlova you know," he described, "and when she has finished and the audience applaud, she will bow and remove her head-dress revealing the Great Moritz."

More illusions. He will appear again taming a ferocious lion in a cage. Suddenly the bars of the cage will fall away and amid the screams of the attendants, the brute springs forward. Before the audience have come to, an attendant will decapitate the lion, and lo!—the Great Moritz.

The most spectacular scene of all will be Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The rise of the curtain will reveal a dreary land in a still drearier blizzard and in the distance Moscow burning fiercely. Wearily a white horse will come on to the stage and on its back a corpulent Napoleon. Moritz is gaily conducting the orchestra. Napoleon dismounts, flings off his trappings and, again, it is the Great Moritz! Our reader enquired how the necessary remnants of Napoleon's army were to be secured and was informed this could be done in every town for 10s. a week a man.

Many people will remember Lafayette, the illusionist, who died in 1911. The Great Moritz claims to be his successor. Lafayette was earning about £40,000 a year before he died, and in this also will his successor emulate him.

Mr. Moritz assured our reader that he would have his money back in one month. After that he would be entitled to 50 per cent. of the profits.

A kindly action

A wealthy young man residing in a famous West End hotel has promised to put up £1,000 after Christmas, providing no one else snaps up the chance before him. Mr. Moritz would like part of our reader's £500, as soon as possible, however. But our reader thinks he will not stand in the rich young man's way.

CHRISTMAS is the traditional season of peace and good will. Our contributor, who speaks with authority, brings a breath of sanity into the chaotic ill will that is ruining British industry. It is a Christmas message worth attention

Men who Fooled Britain

by **C. T. CRAMP** *(Industrial General Secretary, N.U.R.)*

JUST now a great deal of attention is being devoted to the future relationships of employers and employed in the basic industries of Great Britain. It is, of course, inevitable that this should be so having regard to the great industrial crisis through which we have just passed.

It may be said with certainty that a repetition of the events of 1926 would mean the finish of Great Britain as an industrial country, and the only prospect facing our workers will be that of wholesale emigration, leaving their native land to support a much smaller population by means of dairy-farming or such occupations as may be afforded by a country which would sink to the status of a Denmark or Holland.

How have we arrived at this position? The average publicist will at once seize on the names of one or two persons and proclaim that their policy having been followed by the uneducated workers has led us to red ruin.

He will seize on the name of Mr. Cook, or of any other person who is notorious for the time being, and say that he is the root cause of all our trouble. Yet a little reflection should convince us that no person or set of persons could bring about the present state of affairs if there were not deep underlying causes.

The all-in future war

Any person who has devoted time to the study of the psychology of the great mass of our people will be struck by the difference in our pre-war and post-war mentality.

The last war was not merely the greatest war of all time, but in the nature of things it was bound to affect the civil populations of the various countries to a greater degree than any previous conflict had done. We have come to the point when should another war break out the whole population would be directly involved.

Before the end of 1914 it became evident that the utmost efforts of the miner, the engineer, the railwayman, the shipbuilder, and others would have to be thrown into the national pool if the nation was to emerge successfully from the conflict.

People not hitherto regarded as being in the ranks of industry were marshalled in order to give the greatest output in the shortest time and Great Britain became a hive of industry working at full speed and at full time.

The trade unions which had surrendered many of their rights and privileges were, nevertheless, able to obtain much better conditions for their members with greater ease than they had ever before experienced.

Tales that were told

Our leading statesmen, and others who carried weight in the country, speaking with authority, gave utterance to views which were practically promises of an incautious character; indeed, they were not merely incautious but thoughtless.

It is so easy to promise the moon if the possibility exists that one may not be alive to see it rise again, but the working-class of this country, unused to thinking in terms of economics, believed implicitly the stories they were told.

Their outlook was limited to making demands for a greater share of the available wealth, leaving the intricate problem as to how it was produced to those who they believed possessed the capacity to control these complicated economic matters.

Yet it remains a fact that approximately five million men who left their peace-time avocations, their schools and colleges, to take their place in the Army, were led to believe that somehow or other a grateful nation would see to it that their future comfort was assured.

It is a fact worthy of notice that some of the most active and indeed aggressive in the ranks of organised labour to-day are ex-Service men who have found the rosy future promised them a sham and a delusion.

A natural sequel

When the aftermath of the war descended upon us it speedily became manifest that you could not have a war of more than four years' duration, in which our killed numbered practically a million and our injured double that figure, without having to pay for it, not merely in blood, but in the dislocation of our industrial and social life.

Nations hitherto non-industrial had become alive to their opportunities. New technique had been discovered during the days of pressure occasioned by the closing of national frontiers. The people of the Central Empires had become impoverished and were unable to take our goods to the same extent as before the war.

This meant a shrinkage in trade opportunities, with a consequent slowing down in our factories and mines, and as a natural corollary a state of unemployment never before seen in our lifetime. The trade unions found that, far from being able to continue the rate of progress in the obtaining of concessions, they were in many cases unable to maintain such conditions as they had.

Employers and statesmen raged against what they believed to be the unreasonableness of the trade unionist. On the other hand, the trade unionists were convinced that a deep-laid plot existed among the employers to force them back below their pre-war standards with a view to obtaining greater profits for themselves, and thus we arrive at the state of mind of both sides which made the events of 1926 possible.

The terrible danger

We have now to consider how best we are to escape from a common danger, a danger which threatens to overwhelm all sections in utter ruin. I do not believe that anything is gained by either side merely yelling hard words at the other at the present time.

There is an agitation in certain quarters for the curtailment of the rights of trade unions, accompanied by a chorus which demands the abstention from political action by trade unions. These demands are bound to fail.

They will fail, in the first place, because they are utterly wrong in their conception, and, in the second, because they are contrary to public sentiment. Trade unions require not less but greater power consistent with the knowledge of how it shall be used to the greatest advantage to the nation as a whole.

First of all, everyone will agree we need to develop our resources to their fullest extent.

For example, does Parliament at the present time conceive as its duty the ascertainment of the best possible way in which the soil of its country can be utilised for the benefit of the great masses, having regard to fertility, climate and other factors? or does Parliament seriously set itself to the task of assisting British industry to produce and market to the limit of its capacity overseas?

More and more, it seems to me, politicians must think less in terms of debating points and more in terms of the plough, the dynamo and the loom.

Mr. C. T. Cramp, who is Industrial Secretary of one of the largest trade unions, and whose close association with labour gives him authority to speak. He knows what are the ideals of the worker and sets out confidently the methods that should be adopted to bring about their realisation

Of course, this is not a picturesque task, but it means bread and butter to those who need it.

Let me give a practical illustration. It is asserted that we can grow our own cotton in East Africa and render ourselves independent of the supply of this most important material from foreign nations. In order to do this railways must be built on so extensive a scale that only the State can undertake the task.

The workers' capital

This is but one of many subjects which might be earnestly considered by those who have the necessary knowledge with a view to the appropriate action being taken.

If the trade unionists will take a keener interest in this aspect of the question, while no doubt holding firmly to their own views as to the distribution of the produce, and if they will intensify political action along these lines, I believe it will be to the future good of the nation.

There is an old adage which says that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Certainly to-day one section of the community does not know or understand how the other section thinks.

Capital is mobile. By a stroke of the pen or a call on the telephone the capitalist can transfer his interests from, say, Yorkshire to Mexico, but the worker is not in the same happy position. His capital is his labour power. He invests this labour power in a mill, a mine, or a railway, or other undertaking as the case may be.

Will Britain be beaten?

His whole life and the life of those dependent upon him is bound up with the continuance of the prosperity of the undertaking in which he is engaged. He must, therefore, think on different lines from the person to whom it matters little whether it be white, black or brown men who are producing his profits, and whose normal life is little affected thereby.

We need, therefore, perfect frankness and confidence in the discussion of the affairs of every industry and an opportunity for representatives of employers and employees to deal, not merely with the disposition of the profits, but also with the general fortunes of the industries in which they are interested. Unless this can be done I fear the worst.

The temper of the British people is traditionally calm and placid, but once it becomes thoroughly aroused it does not easily subside, and unless a wise policy be followed, the next year or two will witness our disappearance from the front ranks of industry throughout the world.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., K.T., St. James's Palace, S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS.—Your surprise visit to the slums in the Euston district enabled you to see with your own eyes the appalling conditions under which thousands of British citizens are compelled to live. I do not wonder you described the conditions as "ghastly." With all my heart I trust and believe that you will use your tremendous influence to urge on those responsible for our social well-being the imperative necessity for sweeping away these cancers of civilisation. Some of our so-called legislators ought to be shamed into activity at last by the admirable example of their Prince. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest the letter you addressed to Mr. Marshall Pike, during his fight for the representation of the constituency of Smethwick. I most heartily agree as to the positive wickedness of fomenting industrial unrest, and I share your hope that such deliberate fomenting of trouble will be stopped. Unfortunately, false statement, exaggeration and misrepresentation are features of present-day politics. There is only one sound way to stop it, and that is by producing legislation of so soundly constructive a character that even doubters may be convinced. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD CECIL, Grosvenor Square, W.

MY LORD,—I thoroughly agree that the League of Nations must face squarely the great question of the reduction of armaments. On success or failure in that direction hangs the question of its *prestige*. The crisis is approaching. Let us, as a great nation with a great past, now have great ideals, and be great enough to give practical expression to them. Let this country get to grips with the limitation of armaments and give a lead to the world. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord HEWART, Lord Chief Justice.

MY LORD,—You have rendered an immense public service by drawing attention to the ever-growing danger of a bureaucracy outside the jurisdiction of the law of the land. This is a Continental importation contrary to the British spirit and one which is wholly evil. For Whitehall to arrogate to itself the final decision on matters vital to the well-being of the nation is a throwback to the bad old times of the Middle Ages. Your patriotic protest has my warm approval. JOHN BULL.

To Admiral Earl BEATTY, G.C.B., Reigate Priory, Surrey.

MY LORD,—When a fire broke out at your residence, you climbed through the footman's bedroom window, hauled yourself up by the gutter pipe, and directed the operations of the firemen from a roof 60 ft. above the ground. You have long been known as an incorrigible fire-eater, but this is the first time I have met you as a fire-extinguisher. However, British sailors are the handiest men in the world, and you are the handiest of them all. JOHN BULL.

To Lady STOLL, Carlton House, Putney Hill, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—Since 1919, when first you started your Christmas Eve parties at the War Seal Mansions, you have entertained 1,664 ex-Service men and their wives and over a thousand children. This year you are to receive five hundred guests. Your generosity to these poor ex-soldiers and their kiddies touches me deeply. JOHN BULL.

To the OFFICIALS, Pontycymmer Colliery Company.

GENTLEMEN,—It has come to my notice that all during the summer you subscribed part of your salaries to relieve needy families of miners who were out against you. This sort of action does not often get much publicity at the time; nevertheless, it is a bit of brotherliness that helps to keep hope and faith alive. That good relations may be maintained between officials and men is the best augury of peace and justice in the future. JOHN BULL.

To P.C.'s MARSHALL and DUNN, D Division, Metropolitan Police Force.

GENTLEMEN,—There was a pleasant little ceremony when at Bow Street you were each presented by Sir Chartres Biron with a cheque in recognition of your gallantry. At extreme peril of your lives when fire broke out in Newman Street, you braved the flames and smoke and brought a woman to safety. The act was, indeed, worthy of the best traditions of the force. JOHN BULL.

To Sir HAROLD BOWDEN, Chairman, Raleigh Cycle Co., Nottingham.

DEAR SIR HAROLD,—At a mass meeting of the workers of your company you announced that the sum of £15,335 was available this year for distribution among them. Under the terms of the scheme, 900 employees who "downed tools" during the general strike were not entitled to participate, yet you have decided not to disqualify them. I congratulate you on your business acumen, as well as upon your soundness of heart. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. DAVID MARTYN LLOYD JONES, F.R.C.P., St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Though still under thirty years of age, your fame as a heart specialist stands upon the rock of solid achievement. Nevertheless, you have decided to turn your back upon a promising career, holding emoluments almost without limit, to take up a pastorate at Port Talbot at a salary of £300 a year. While it is impossible not to regret your loss to medicine, we are sure that so sincere and unworldly a man as yourself must become a mighty acquisition to the Church. May you heal souls as successfully as you healed bodies! JOHN BULL.

Miss A. J. HAYES, Wembley Hill Council School, Middlesex.

DEAR MADAM,—It is a fine, hopeful educational experiment you are carrying on at Wembley Hill, and I am glad to see that the Middlesex Education Committee is backing you for all it is worth. "What we aim at here," you say, "is to get everything possible out of the child, rather than to force everything possible into him." So the old-fashioned punishments and restraints have vanished and, in a building furnished with every up-to-date improvement, boys and girls are being splendidly equipped for life. Such efforts are beyond all praise. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. A. J. COOK:—"At the first opportunity we shall renew the struggle."

Chance is a fine thing.

* * *

SIR WALTER GILBEY:—"If I had gone on with farming, I should have been sweeping the crossings in London."

And that, in itself, comprises the full indictment of our present land laws.

* * *

COLONEL LANE-FOX:—"In these days men cannot afford to sit on their secrets like a broody hen sitting on a pot egg."

What's more to the point they cannot afford to have secrets, especially diplomatic secrets.

* * *

MR. FRANK HODGES:—"There are in the ranks of employers backwoodsmen and barbarians, same as on the workers' side."

In short, with six of one and half a dozen of the other, a bit of give-and-take wouldn't hurt the lot of us.

Without Fear or Favour— *—by the Editor*

THE HOLE IN THE STOCKING

Christmas and the Child

ANALYSE the idea of Christmas in the mind of the average man or woman, and its chief aim is to give youngsters a good time.

For older folk the December days may be a time of expense and worry, of anxious planning and exhausting labour, but the smiles of the children on Christmas morning make it worth while.

For the little ones are the magicians of the ages. However much we do for them, we are still their debtors. Money spent on their happiness is not wasted, but invested in gilt-edged security.

At Christmas, more than at any other time, our minds should be open to the truth that to "economise" on child welfare is wickedness and folly. While the Yule logs are blazing we heap scorn on the miserly Scrooge, cursing him for a blind fool; yet when he comes to us later in the guise of the politician, cap in hand for votes, he does not always get the drubbing he deserves.

There will be few youngsters, let us hope, who will not in one way or another be made conscious that during the next few days life is somehow fuller of kindness and comfort than usual, but for many poor mites it will be but a momentary brightness.

Blue-books are hardly Christmas reading, but few of us will be able to forget Sir George Newman's damning indictment of the conditions which are causing a steady deterioration in the health of town children, or the fact that, even in the villages, there are many youngsters of school age who are not getting enough to eat.

Nor can we easily forget that in the past seven years the total expenditure on the reclamation of slum-dwellings has amounted to only £3,000,000 all told.

These things look horribly mean at Christmas, when by sacred rite and social usage we worship the eternal Child.

A Vile Traffic

AT a meeting held in Kingsway Hall to protest against the export to the Continent of worn-out British horses, Captain C. W. Webster exhibited the head of an animal which had been killed in Antwerp.

On it were a number of wounds, which he explained by describing how the poor creature was driven into the slaughter-house, where it was dealt a number of reckless blows with a hammer and poleaxe.

In the intervals between the blows the horse was trembling and terror-stricken.

Why is the vile trade allowed to continue? It is impossible on this side to frame regulations which are binding on the other, and the thought of such brutal butchery is repugnant to English minds.

Unless legislation is introduced which will put an end to the traffic we shall be driven to the conclusion, already arrived at by Judge Staveley Hill, that there are "vested interests, a hidden hand, and some influence behind the scenes."

If the animals are to be killed they must be killed by us in a humane manner.

XMAS THOUGHTS FOR NEVILLE

THE question of the necessitous areas of this country has reached a stage when a drastic reorganisation of our rating methods must be undertaken. How can districts stricken as though by a foreign invasion support themselves indefinitely?

IF there is one thing more than another that we ought to do at Christmas time it is, surely, to give some thought to those who are less well situated than we are, and whose needs are greater than ours.

We commend wholeheartedly the powerful attempt made just before the rising of Parliament by the Rt. Hon. William Graham, M.P., for a drastic revision of the illogical system that makes those industrial areas most heavily hit by unemployment pay the whole cost of the distress, while leaving the favoured and non-industrial areas untouched.

He met with cold comfort from the Government, but the facts and figures brought out during this debate were an overwhelming case in themselves for something quickly being done.

Since the Armistice, we have paid away nearly £400,000,000 in unemployment benefit, out-of-work donation and poor law relief, and we have got for it nothing whatever in return.

Even a little thought and care might have seen enough money expended on valuable public work which would have brought self-respect to the worker, and solid benefit to the country. But nothing has been done.

Take, for instance, the north-east coast. There we have, in the shipbuilding trade, 64 per cent. of unemployment, in marine engineering 48 per cent., in the pig-iron industries 63 per cent., and in iron and steel generally 53 per cent. of unemployed.

This is an appalling total. It is also an appalling indictment of any body of legislators that is content to pay away public money for nothing in order to gain thereby a respite from the painful task of thinking of remedies and solutions.

In the town of Middlesbrough there are 38,000 insured male workers, 15,540 of whom are in receipt of unemployment benefit, or 41 per cent. of the total adult male population. And this takes no account of the large number that are getting relief from the guardians or are being denied unemployment benefit altogether.

IN Birmingham, during the last two financial years, the guardians have spent well over £3,000,000 in relief, an amount equal to no less than 36s. 3d. per head of the population of Birmingham. And there are 3,700 ex-Service men and their families in receipt of poor law relief.

In Bedwellty, essentially a mining area, there have been over 10,000 unemployed for a very long period. In Bridgeton, one of the most distressed areas in the whole of this country, there have been nearly 10,000 miners unemployed for the last five years. In this area there is a debt incurred by the guardians of nearly £1,000,000, an astounding debt arising almost solely through unemployment. The interest on these loans in itself amounts to nearly £400 a week.

AND what is the position in the more favoured districts where unemployment is not a menace, and where distress is not rife? Whereas in many industrial areas the rates are anything from 20s. to 30s. in the £, in residential areas such as Bournemouth, Blackpool, Southport, or Oxford, the total rate is only 7s. or 8s. in the £.

These extraordinary burdens being borne by the industrial districts are due to extraordinary causes. They are due both to the international cause of the war and the national causes of aftermath of the war.

It is small wonder that, under the stress and intolerable misery of the complete breakdown of the machinery of municipal government and relief, there are here and there outstanding cases of municipal desperation like the now notorious West Ham.

Why, in heaven's name, should these burdens not be national burdens? Why should these burdens not be equalised so as to relieve those who cannot pay at the expense of those who can pay very well?

The Rt. Hon. William Graham, M.P., formerly Financial Secretary to the Treasury. How right he was in urging the claims of the appallingly distressed industrial areas was shown in the Government's attitude. It shirked a vote on his motion and no vote was taken. Of what was the Government afraid?

All Pull Together

THE Old Year is closing. The curtain is ringing down upon scenes of distress and industrial upheaval such as we hope never to see repeated.

Happily, in that direction there are many signs of hope. Moreover, there is every indication that the New Year will open with a real trade boom.

The chance is here. Whether or not it is seized depends entirely upon how far we are willing to work together and co-operate.

We are led to this view by the peculiar set-back recently experienced by Messrs. Peter Dixon and Sons, of Grimsby. For long they have had in hand a scheme for the construction of a wood-pulp factory to feed their paper-mills at Little Coates and Oughtibridge.

Having secured the land their next approach was to the railway company with a view to securing certain facilities necessary to make the new venture a paying concern. If the company would meet the firm in regard to freight charges about 90,000 tons of timber and upwards of 40,000 tons of wood-pulp per annum would pass over the rails.

Further, coal to the amount of 1,500 tons per week would be needed, and all that Messrs. Dixon ask is that this should be carried at the same rates as that charged to coal exporters.

These concessions are refused. British consumers must continue to pay 1s. 9d. per ton more than foreign consumers who are quite conceivably manufacturing the same product, and instead of real prosperity coming to Grimsby this firm may be driven to take the whole bag of tricks over to Finland.

For sheer stupidity these stubborn tactics are hard to beat. If such is to be the settled policy of the railway companies then hope of co-operation is a dream and the incoming tide of prosperity will beat upon our shores in vain.

L.G.'s Mystery Money

by A. G. GARDINER

THE country has suffered enough through the machinations of Party politicians. When to Party politics is added the danger of a wealthy fund, held as a pistol by one man, the gravity of the situation calls for concerted action

The Rt. Hon. Earl Grey, who by his public repudiation of Mr. Lloyd George has brought about a new crisis in the Liberal Party

THE political world is very much at sixes and sevens in these times. Few of us know precisely where we are, and that agreeable certainty which Gilbert described, when

> Every boy and every girl that's born into this world alive
> Is either a little Liber-al or else a little Conserva-tive,

has gone. The good old Blue and Buff colours have ceased to be "fast" and "run" into each other most perplexingly. Moreover, they have got mixed up with the new colour Red, which means pink to some and flaming scarlet to others. In the midst of this disintegration the Party leaders are having an unhappy time.

Liberal Party's unhappy plight

The Old Guard of the Tory Party does not know what to make of Mr. Baldwin, who seems to them much more like an old-fashioned Liberal than a stalwart Tory Die-hard, and out in Moscow Mr. Cook is raising the reddest of Red banners and declaring open war on the pink of Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Thomas and the official leaders of the Labour Party at home.

But the most difficult position at the moment is that of the unhappy Liberals who, instead of being led out to battle against their ancient foes, are engaged in slaughtering one another.

Lord Grey's fulmination against Mr. Lloyd George brings that quarrel to a crisis, and it may be useful to ask what it is all about.

Why is it that the most reputable of the old Liberal leaders, one after another, decide that they cannot have any dealings with Mr. Lloyd George? No one will suggest that in the case of Lord Grey, at any rate, there is any element of jealousy or rivalry in the matter.

The accusation against him is not that he wants too much, or is too ambitious; it is that he doesn't want anything and hasn't ambition enough. He prefers a trout stream to the muddy waters of Westminster and would rather enjoy Wordsworth by his own fireside than be the hero of the greatest Albert Hall meeting that was ever held.

The British Mussolini

His motive is not personal but public. He believes in the Liberal philosophy of government, and it is as the guardian of that philosophy that he, like Lord Oxford, announces that co-operation with Mr. Lloyd George is henceforth impossible.

There are two grounds for this action. The first is Mr. George's political character; the second is Mr. George's political fund. It is the second of these which has brought the conflict to an issue and with which I propose to deal.

Mr. Lloyd George's political character is now pretty familiar to everybody. He is the most brilliant improviser that has ever appeared in English politics. He fascinates us all and he is distrusted by us all—even by those who applaud him. He is distrusted because he aims at personal power and uses Parties as his instrument.

If England were Italy he would have played the Mussolini role more brilliantly than Mussolini himself. His method is to break up Parties and to surround himself with followers of all Parties, fortified by an adroit manipulation of the Press designed to keep the public amused and obedient.

In a word, he is the stuff of which dictators are made, and in the 1918 election he seemed to have succeeded in his aim. He had assassinated his own Party, attached himself to the Conservatives, roped in some elements of Labour, and seemed to have made his dictatorship secure.

Sticking to the spoils

Then the Conservatives took alarm and threw him over and he ran to shelter under the Liberal umbrella he had discarded. If he had returned as a sincere penitent all would have been well. If he had been poor, all might have been well.

But he was rich. I don't think Lord Grey exaggerates the gravity and menace of Mr. Lloyd George's fund. There has never been anything of this nature before in English politics.

Here is a private fund, collected no one knows from whom or for what consideration, and held entirely at the disposal of one man. The lowest estimate puts it at a million sterling; but there is strong evidence that it is much more.

It is around this fund that the real quarrel has raged. Liberals like Lord Grey and Lord Oxford have never liked that fund, and when Mr. Lloyd George returned to them they would have preferred that he should leave his money behind with the Conservatives from whom it probably came.

But he brought it and kept it. He did not say to the Liberal Party, "You are poor; I am rich. Here is a million for the Party fund. Take it and use it wisely." On the contrary, he kept the money, set up his own office, formed an organisation of his own within the Party, paid for it with his private Party fund, and left the official Liberal body he had rejoined to starve.

A crushing crisis

His return, so far from helping the Party machine, further impoverished it. People refused to subscribe on two grounds—first, that Mr. Lloyd George had brought a million or two with him to the Party and it therefore had no need of money; second, that subscribing to the Party machine would be merely to further enrich Mr. Lloyd George if he got control of that machine.

That is the disease that has been eating out the heart of Liberalism since 1923. Now the crisis has been reached. The Party machine is bankrupt. It is on the point of closing its doors, and Mr. Lloyd George offers a gratuity from his fund to keep it alive, on the understanding that the officials elected by the Party are cleared out and others, presumably favourable to himself, are elected in their stead.

In the opinion of Lord Grey and of those who think with him, this amounts to the public sale of the Liberal Party to Mr. Lloyd George.

If he finds it convenient to join Lord Birkenhead and the Conservatives again it will have to go with him or cease to exist, and if, on the other hand, he makes terms with Mr. MacDonald it will have to go to Labour or cease to exist.

Against this humiliating reduction of a great Party to a mere pawn in the hands of Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Grey passionately revolts.

This is something more than a mere domestic issue interesting only to Liberals. It affects the whole character of public life, and I agree with Lord Grey that no more sinister thing has happened in our political affairs than the subordination of Parties and policies to the power of a secret, private fund of vast dimensions, unknown source, undefined purpose, and entirely personal influence.

Our Human

The air we breathe is life. How long will people submit to have their source of life turned into a deadly poison?

I WROTE this in a London fog. "Health and Sunshine" is the heading for the column about the seaside resorts. Smoke does not cause fogs, but it blackens them, makes them last longer and choke more.

Mr. J. W. Graham, M.A.

In Manchester it costs over a quarter of a million a year in extra washing bills. The total cost to the whole nation is, in post-war prices, not less than 35s. per head per year, or about £80,000,000.

This does not include bronchitis, sore throats, colds, nor the close rooms, indoor refuges from dirty air, where consumptives fail and die. Depression, due to the smudginess of everything, cannot be valued in pounds. Our towns would be bright garden cities if the air were clean.

The sun is the greatest enemy of germs of disease. Light has been discovered to be the cure for rickets in children, which are due to living in dull, dark places. The sun also cures consumption and lupus, and is the great joy of our bodily lives.

Smoke comes partly from house fires and partly from factories, in proportions which vary from place to place.

Domestic smoke can be saved by the use of gas fires and cookers, anthracite stoves, coke-fired hot-water boilers and slow-combustion fireplaces.

BUT there will be no cure for the kitchen fireside, which warms, cooks, heats a boiler, and burns rubbish, until a solid smokeless fuel, a half-coked coal, is produced cheaply. It is done in Glasgow, and might be elsewhere.

Incidentally, the wide production of this and its valuable by-products would at once restore prosperity and peace to the troubled coal trade. Numerous inventions are on the way. This fireside smoke is sticky, full of tar vapour, and the sulphur acid in it destroys stone and iron work.

Factory smoke is agreed to be quite unnecessary and is supposed to be illegal. The cure is not always simple or easy; it may cost money for plant; but it is a great saving in the end. The law should be carried out.

The worst difficulty lies in the making of fine

Cobwebs on the Church

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE makeshift policy of keeping pulpits for platitudes has relegated problems to Parliament and thus made Party politics of them. What is sadly needed is an alliance between expert knowledge and religious driving force

THE spirit of Christmas is once again generating an atmosphere of reconciliation and good will.

Each year we think wistfully of what might be if only all the scattered good will and the vague good intentions could be focused and directed by knowledge.

If we cannot clear our minds of cant and humbug at this season of the year, we are, indeed, in a hopeless state. If, at this season of the year, we cannot see clearsightedly through sham and make-believe, we have no right to say that the spirit of Christmas has gripped us.

I am going to put forward an idea that I hope we shall all think about this Christmas, if only a little. I believe it is worth thinking about.

I believe it to be an idea that contains more potential power for good, more possibility of real progress than any amount of platform politics or Party parrot cries.

Wherever you go in this country you run up against a problem. There is the housing problem and the land problem, the unemployment problem and scores more.

Everybody is rushing round investigating these problems and offering all sorts of solutions, but the trouble is that in nearly every case the suggested solution to any one particular problem depends at bottom upon self-interest.

Winston Churchill not so long ago was allowed to decree unchallenged that "selfishness is the essential quality of human nature."

The ruling passion

It was a very cynical remark, but it had its roots, I am afraid, in a good deal of truth, for selfishness and self-interest are very much the same things, and it is very rare to find any man, or any body of men, indulging in the suggested solutions of our political, industrial and modern problems who are not swayed by self-interest.

In fact, it is often almost impossible to see their solution because one is blinded by the sparks flying from their grinding axes and the noise of these axes being ground deafens the still small voice of whatever sanity there may be in their proposals.

Take, for instance, the question of illegitimacy. The House of Commons has just passed the Legitimacy Bill, which legitimises children whose parents marry subsequently to their birth. But it makes a very grave exception by refusing to legitimise any child whose father or mother was married to a third person at the time of the child's birth.

An ecclesiastical warfare

Could anything be more absurd or more illogical? Could anything be more unjust? It is no wonder that one Member of Parliament described it as nothing more than a cobweb spun out of some ecclesiastical head.

And what is it at bottom except selfishness? What is it but the intense anxiety of the Church to hang on to its rights and privileges, its determination to continue to say to the people, "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," its unwavering fight against even the smallest withdrawal of its privileges, however antiquated or unjust in their workings these privileges may be?

The fact is that the fusion of conflicting interests that render the solution of our national problems so difficult is not a job for Parliament, which, as a body of legislators, dare not, for Party's sake, profess the first principles of fusion.

Nor is it a job for the bishops, who interfere and tinker so much with legislation in the House of Lords. For I venture to assert that the bishops do not understand in the least the intricacies of the interests that have to be fused.

There is room enough for a new focusing point in this country, a real need for the establishment of some organisation that will bring the colossal forces of religion into practical contact with the equally colossal forces of knowledge.

The parsons preach, but it is not often that they know what they are preaching about. They talk in the air. They live in an unreal world, and nobody seems to mind much what they say.

The Bishop of Lichfield, who spoke for the Bishops at the time of their intervention in the coal dispute

There are, on the other hand, countless people and numberless organisations who possess exact knowledge of facts, but who lack the opportunities and the driving force that religion possesses.

A real job for the Churches

Surely something can be done to bring our religious bodies into contact with these masses of fact, so that, just as the Industrial Institute is researching into the ills of industry with a foundation of scientific fact to work on, so the Churches could research into the diseases of our social life with an equally scientific foundation of fact.

There was recently held in Stockholm a conference at which thirty-nine nations and thirty-seven religious denominations were represented. Something of this sort was discussed at this conference, and a beginning has been made by the establishment of some such centre as this in Switzerland.

Why should it not be done in Britain? Why should not the Churches, irrespective of creed or differences in dogma, unite in an earnest endeavour to probe to the bottom the problems that are wrecking the country?

Why should not the tremendous driving force of their religious beliefs be turned towards practical things and a practical endeavour to bring order out of chaos?

The two things lacking

The intervention of the bishops during the coal dispute was an admirable move, but it failed, as it was almost bound to fail, because it was an intervention based on any amount of good will, but little knowledge.

It was not the bishops' fault. They had had no focus for their activities, no access to the intricate and all-important facts with which they should have made an overwhelming case.

There was a time when the Church and the State were one and the same thing. To-day Church and State are very much in antagonism. The most colossal step forward that could be made would be if we can only evolve a method of bringing statesman and saint together in a wholehearted endeavour to run civilisation on civilised lines.

If it is true that Christianity at the moment lacks the practical touch, it is equally true that industry and social life lack true Christianity.

We have almost reached the stage of believing that "Never the twain shall meet." If I am any judge, the future of civilisation depends on a speedy and effective union between the two.

man Kippers

by JOHN W. GRAHAM, Litt.D., M.A.

carburised steel, where carbon has to be present in the furnace to take up air that might burn the metal, and also to mix with the steel.

Smoke is the easiest source of this, burnt to a dull red colour. Then it is sent up the chimney, so Sheffield and the district ten miles north of it are a smoky inferno.

The firms who blast the region are not ashamed to blazon their names upon their works. I say "ashamed," for this belching forth of smoke turns out to be unnecessary.

Dr. Owens, a fuel specialist, was sent to Sheffield by the Coal Smoke Abatement Society to investigate, and his published report tells of several firms who successfully burn their smoke used in this process, instead of throwing it into the air.

APPARENTLY it was done by the simple plan of regulating the draught by lids on the chimney top instead of below the furnace. This would not be a costly change.

Now let us look at the new reactionary Smoke Abatement Bill, now the law of the land. Too great heed has been paid to the political power wielded by the many Members of Parliament who belong to the Federation of British Industries.

Sixteen years ago, as chairman of the Smoke Abatement League of Great Britain, I compiled a Bill, with the help of eighty-two municipalities, which would have taken us far. But a private Bill had no chance.

The new Bill exempts all iron and steel processes for five years, and after that at the discretion of the Board: I fear its discretion will choke its enthusiasm. The right policy is exemption for a short time, to each separate firm which asks for it, terminable with the progress of invention.

THE Bill gives power to exempt other trades, such as the Potteries—a dangerous and uncalled-for provision. Government works are still exempt and certain ships in harbour. Also local authorities are refused leave to insist on smokeless provisions in new private houses, a serious set-back.

The benefits of the Bill are that the maximum fines are raised and that grit and ash are included. Also that the burden of proof lies with the smoke maker that he is not being a public nuisance. These are good, but in the net effect it will be a Smoke Promotion Bill. So the country will remain dark and dirty till voters demand a drastic revision of the Act.

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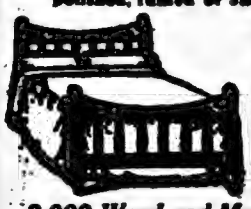

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CHRISTMAS is the time when the strongest appeal is made to charity. Our contributor, in his own inimitable manner, points out the hollowness of some so-called charity, and shows what giving means to the sincere giver

KING WENCESLAS EXPOSED!

by The REV. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C. (*"Woodbine Willie"*)

DON'T tell the Editor of the *Morning Post*, but I have a friend who is a Communist, a real whole-hog blow-the-show-to-blazes Communist.

I have talked to him about most things in heaven (which doesn't exist for him, poor devil!) and earth, but I have never had a clack about Christmas. He is away in the Promised Land just now, but some day I must find out what he makes of it.

I would love to hear him make a few well-chosen comments on some Christmas carol. "Good King Wenceslas" interpreted in terms of the class struggle would give one food for thought.

What Communists really do

That is the only service I can find that Communists perform. They make you think. They have a way of putting truth which makes it falser than falsehood. They are often honest men, and yet they lie more deeply than liars.

It always stimulates me to find out exactly why their truth is untrue. I can imagine how my friend would set about King Wenceslas.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither,
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

"Here is this canting old hypocrite," he would say, "with his larder full of luxuries, and his cellars stocked with wine, patronising the proletariate, and making a song about giving away what he does not want himself.

"You can bet that he and his wretched flunkey—who probably carried the pine logs and naturally found the walk a bit stiffer than the fat old capitalist—had a good tuck-in when they got back that night, and did not want for anything next day.

"Oh, it is a typical Christmas song, this is. It stinks of sloppy Christian charity, and the self-satisfaction that comes to the Lady Bountiful of the slums with her dolls and Christmas dinners.

Charity that does harm

"It is the kind of dope you Christians make a song about; but you wait till the workers of the world awake, and you'll sing on the other side of your mouths, you and your kings and flunkeys. You bleed the workers dry, and then you give them back a few drops of blood as an insurance against the fires of hell."

I am sure he would do it better than that. He has a twist in his tongue that would take the sweetness out of Turkish delight.

The rum part of it is that there is truth in it. He was just indulging in indiscriminate charity, this jolly old king. Apparently he did not know the peasant from Adam. He just hit on him, and started in to give him a beano because he happened to feel like it.

God knows how many peasants there were who were going fireless

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.

and supperless to bed that night in that kingdom. The old fellow seems never to have thought about that. He had half-a-crown to spare, and felt good, so he slung it at the first chap who crossed his path.

Indiscriminate charity is the very devil, and always does more harm than good. It generally goes to the chap who whines loudest, and as a rule the chap who whines loudest needs least. If you are going to give you need to pick your peasant more carefully than King Wenceslas did.

Suffering in well-doing

What the Communist says is so far true, and a very necessary truth to remember at Christmas time. If you have a bit to give, be careful how you give it.

And yet I know in my bones that he is slandering the poor old king. There were good points about him. To start with, he took the stuff himself, and it was a goodish walk for an old chap, and a dirty night. He might have sent the page along with a note, and toasted his toes instead of tramping through the snow.

But that would not wash with him. He wanted to suffer in his giving. It is that walk through the snow that is the point of the story. He did not give what cost him nothing. Besides, that picture of him as a self-satisfied old humbug is in the heart of the Communist and not in the soul of the story.

We don't know what his thoughts were as he led on to the mountain. He may have been sick at heart for the poverty of his people. The pain in his heart may have been harder to bear than the aching of his poor old legs.

A bitter warfare

He may have wished that he could give to every peasant, and yet known that if he ruined himself the kingdom would fall and the people starve. There may have been a war between his head and his heart, and that is the bitterest kind of warfare.

I am sure this Communist version is a slander, and yet it is an acid test that brings out truth. There is no self-satisfaction in real charity. The man who gives and pats himself on the back for giving has his reward, and a miserable reward it is.

The real giver suffers in his gift because it is too small. He does what he can, and wishes with all his heart that it was more, and it is that wish that ought to go to his head, and tickle his brain to think out ways and means of destroying poverty, and helping the poor to help themselves.

A sop to conscience

The charity that begins and ends with giving money or goods is not true charity; it is a sop to conscience or a piece of rotten pride. This old fellow was a good king, not because he gave grub to a peasant, but because his heart was in his kingdom.

There's the true Christmas message. Have a good look out this Christmas time. There are a good few peasants knocking around. Go one better than old Wenceslas and pick yours carefully.

And when you have done it, and felt what a poor job it is, make a resolve that you are going to think about the kingdom, and before next Christmas comes you are going to do your bit in the battle against poverty and want, not out of hatred, but out of genuine love of your fellow men.

Our Communist friend is partly right. A good deal of Christian charity has been and still is humbug. But there is the genuine article, and it is, and always has been, the best thing in the world, the only power that can save mankind. True Charity is honest Love, and it is the only cure for Communism.

Hatred, suspicion and mistrust have had a long innings this year, and they have made a pretty hash of it. Let's see what a bit of honest working Love can do before another Christmas comes.

Start off with that peasant—may be he digs coal for a living—start with him, but, for the Lord's sake, don't end there.

YOUR XMAS GIFT FROM "JOHN BULL"
You're just in time!
See page 2.

PRISON-GATE BLACKMAIL

DRAGGING DOWN THE FIRST OFFENDER

"Old Birds" and "Green 'Uns"

THE case recently reported in the papers, where a young ex-prisoner complained of being blackmailed by crooks who prevented him from getting an honest living, is by no means an isolated one. Nor was his story an invention.

Not long ago, a well-educated young man, who gave the name of William Anderson, called at our offices. He appealed to us for assistance in evading a gang of South London crooks who were endeavouring to drag him down to a career of crime.

He had once held a good position, but had abused his trust by forging his employer's name, and had been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

His young wife stuck by him and visited him in prison. On one occasion she had taken a message on behalf of another prisoner to some woman companion in Brixton.

A cruel rebuff

An acquaintance was formed, and when Anderson was released it was suggested that he should join the gang who were operating from Brixton as motor-thieves, and one of whose women members was the notorious "Bobbed-Haired Bandit."

The young couple declined to have anything to do with them, and the husband obtained honest employment in an office in Fulham. The crooks were persistent and threatened that if he did not fall in with them they would denounce him to his new employers.

He still refused, and the employers received a telephone call to say that their new employee was a forger who had just come out of prison. Anderson was dismissed.

His story as he told it sounded fantastic; but we tested it and found it to be true. Anderson found other employment, but how many in his position have the courage or the ability to fight blackmailers?

The two brothers

In nine cases out of ten the young man coming out of prison with good resolutions is dragged down to a life of confirmed crime.

This "baiting" of first offenders is one of the most formidable obstacles to the "cure" of criminals. The various prisoners' aid societies know how difficult it is to deal with.

One day recently a discharged prisoner, a first offender, arrived at the office of one of the societies in London, where a meeting had already been arranged between him and a brother, who had promised to assist him.

Soon after the appointed time a man presented himself at the office and asked to see the ex-prisoner referred to, stating that he was his brother.

The officials, however, had doubts as to the relationship. They asked him to step into a room and wait, and took the precaution of fastening the door of the room.

A few minutes later another "brother" arrived. He they showed into another room, which they also fastened.

The position was a curious one. Both might be genuine brothers or neither. The ex-prisoner alone could decide this.

Soon after he arrived, he recognised one of the visitors as his brother, but knew nothing of the other. The latter was an old crook who had schemed to get the young fellow into his clutches.

A safety screen

He reckoned to get away with him before the genuine brother arrived. He was warned by the officials and

Mr. F. Pelham Whitbread, President of the Central Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, which is fighting hard against the menace to which we call attention

told to make himself scarce, but nothing more could be done.

It should be explained that early and first offenders may be very useful to a gang of professional crooks. They are not so well known to the police as the others and they make very good "stalls," behind whom the old hands can work more safely.

They can be made good use of, for instance, in bank robberies and forged cheque frauds, in which also women are now being employed somewhat extensively. They do the "presenting" while their confederates are keeping watch close by.

If the thing "comes off," all well and good, but on the first sign of the "red light" the confederates are off and are never seen on the actual scene of the crime.

Pathetic helplessness

Nobody knows better than old jailbirds how helpless an ex-prisoner is when he first emerges from prison, particularly a first or early offender, or, as he is termed, the "green 'un."

An instance of this came under the personal notice of a police officer not long since. A young fellow got into prison by what may fairly be described as misadventure. He had been guilty of quite a trivial form of embezzlement, without any idea of being guilty of a crime.

He "borrowed" the money with every intention of paying it back. However, the law got hold of him and he "went inside." Upon his release he found himself absolutely stranded, for even his own kith and kin had turned their backs upon him.

The police officer befriended him to the best of his ability, but the future looked very black for him. Here was material ready to the hand of an "old bird."

One day the officer was interested to hear from his young friend that a mysterious man had been calling at the house where he was staying. He had not seen him, having always been out when he called. But the man had left word that he intended to call again on a certain evening.

A suspicious happening

The officer scented danger in this persistent caller, and arranged to be at the house to receive him upon the occasion of his next visit.

Sure enough he recognised the caller as an old crook! Happily, the young man managed to get upon his feet once more and is not likely to be again "known to the police."

A very curious case occurred not long ago. One of these "green 'uns" had got a job in the country as a gardener. The house where he was working had been "spotted" by a gang of cracksmen for early "attention."

While investigating it one of the gang recognised the gardener as having "been inside." This the gang thought was a lucky discovery. They could force the hand of the gardener to give them valuable information and to "let 'em in."

A good score

They put their ideas to the gardener at the village inn, telling him that unless he helped them they would "blow on him" to his employer.

The gardener at once saw how he could score off those who threatened him with ruin. It so happened that he had got his job through an aid society, and his employer knew all about his past.

So, agreeing to their plans to avert suspicion, he put the whole thing before his employer. The police were advised, and when the burglary took place the whole gang were taken.

This time the "green 'un" made good off the "old birds," for he was given a monetary reward and retained his place!

For once the prison-gate blackmailers made a mistake. But supposing that the object of their blackmail had been hiding his past and that the disclosure would have meant instant dismissal! He would have ended a confirmed criminal.

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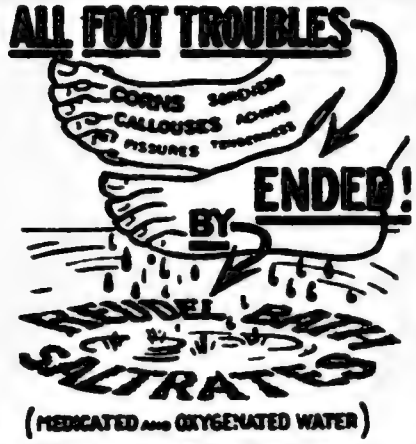

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In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

"SUNSHINE WARD" is to be permanently enlarged! What good news for Christmas! And every one of our readers has the chance to help to bring the sunshine. We are sure Mr. Philip Inman's S.O.S. will get a ready response

MY CHRISTMAS S.O.S.

MY article, "In Sunshine Ward," has appeared in these pages week by week for nearly two years. During that time I have come to look upon you, my readers, as my friends, and I am happy to think, from the hundreds of letters I receive, that that feeling is shared by many of you.

You know, of course, that I am the superintendent of one of London's great hospitals, and I want to tell you of an experience I had recently which touched me to the quick.

A little boy of twelve was taken suddenly ill with acute appendicitis, and no bed could be found for him in five London institutions. Then the ambulance brought him to us. We, too, were full, but a mere glance at the child revealed that if his life was to be saved something had to be done at once.

A terrible picture

So an emergency bed was made for him in the sitting-room of a nurse and an operation was immediately performed. The surgeon told me afterwards that it was just in the nick of time; in another hour that boy would have been dead.

Think of it! He was an only child. Picture that father and mother smarting under the sorrow of a great and irreparable loss. Even now, when I think how near they were to that calamity, I shudder.

Ever since, I have been seized with a terrible fear when I remembered the others we have had to turn away simply because we had no room for them. Already we have over three hundred beds, but that number has not been sufficient to take all those who have clamoured for admission.

So I came to the conclusion that, come what might, we must have additional accommodation, and when recently another hospital adjoining ours came into the market, we took our courage in both hands and bought it.

What a wonderful difference it will make! "Sunshine Ward" will be permanently enlarged. Foul and loathsome

Philip Inman

diseases will be cured. Pain and suffering will be relieved. And what is more, every year hundreds of precious lives will be saved. Is it worth it? I would like you to supply the answer.

In the European war we squandered over seven million pounds every day, and what have we to show for it? Broken hearts, wrecked homes, a million and a half unemployed, and other evils too ghastly to talk about.

A call to humanity

Now, in my hospital, our job is not to destroy but to save. If this new purchase of ours were to cost "a day of war" and if, as a result, only one life could be spared, would it be worth it? Well, you would think so, and so should I, if that life happened to be someone near and dear to us.

Carlyle, in that great book of his, "Sartor Resartus," asks the question, "What is the object of your life? Is it simply to enjoy yourself? Then you are but little better than the beast which eats and drinks and grows and perishes."

But it is *not to cost seven million pounds*, and we shall save, not one, but hundreds of lives every year. Mothers and husbands and children will go back to their homes, strong and well again. And all this at a cost of only £100,000!

But a hundred thousand pounds wants some getting in these days, and the sooner it is in my hands the quicker we can commence our great work of healing.

So I appeal to you, my friends, for your help. *I don't mind what you send me so long as it is something.*

The scales of life and death

Every day in my hospital Fate is holding the scales of life and death. Every contribution—imagine it your contribution—may help to tip the scales in favour of life.

And what a happy Christmas "Sunshine Ward" would have if this new hospital were bought and paid for by JOHN BULL readers!

Let me add just one personal word. I have devoted my life to the service of this hospital, and you who read my articles week by week realise, I think, just how much it means to me.

I hope that we shall all enjoy ourselves this festive season, but with all my heart I hope also that we shall adopt the ideal, which is summed up in other of Carlyle's words: "To make some nook of God's creation a little more worthy of Him. To make some human heart a little happier, some broken body a little better."

You have it in your power to make this Christmas season the happiest and best I have ever experienced, but, what is far more, you can take your share in the greatest service this world knows—that of alleviating human sickness and pain.

Do, I beg of you, send me your good wishes with your stamps, postal orders or cheques, and I am sure that the postmen will not mind working overtime carrying your letters of practical good will.

My address is: Philip Inman, Superintendent, Charing Cross Hospital, London, W.C.2.

The Sentence of the Court

A MISLEADING LADY

Adjectives and Amateurism

WHEN presented at Court on a charge of making false verbal representations, Lady Cynthia Mosley favoured the judge with her most (election)-winning smile, and asked how she ought to plead.

"It is easy for this lady to make a virtue of inexperience," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., after a plea of "Not guilty" had been entered, "but she advances neither her husband's career nor the cause of the workers, whose unhappy lot is supposed to make her blue blood boil, when she indulges in prattle as foolish as that of Primrose League grand dames who imagine that the fate of the country lies in the hollow of their heads.

"Comprehensive references to 'this rotten, miserable, inefficient and incompetent Government' suggest that her ladyship mistakes adjectives for arguments. Her announcement that Mr. Mosley, if returned, would get the workers 'jolly good jobs and homes,' suggests either an extravagant belief in her husband's capacity to change the face of the political landscape or an aristocratic contempt for the credulity of her proletarian audience.

"As a speaker, Lady Cynthia employs the accents of Park Lane to express the crudities of Hyde Park, in a manner that only serves to emphasise the anomalous association of red flags and blue blood."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that Lady Cynthia had been the victim of a most unscrupulous Press campaign. Readers had been asked to accept the accident of her birth as convincing proof of her insincerity, and everything that was her's, from her houses to her dresses, had been held up to ridicule.

* * *

"I should be the last to excuse the methods of the stunt Press," remarked Mr. Justice Bull. "It is probable that as many votes were gained for Mr. Mosley by these pedlars of personalities as were lost for him by the amateurish efforts of his misleading lady.

"I am not concerned with what Lady Cynthia wears, but only with her political wares, and I would not care how many town and country addresses she had if only her platform addresses were not so painfully out of date, seeing that the silly season is now definitely behind us.

"Statements such as 'You poor people have to work for a miserable rotten wage because of these Conservatives and Liberals, who are responsible for everything,' suggest that Lady Cynthia's association with Mayfair has caused her to underestimate the intelligence of people living in less secluded quarters.

"Similarly, her infinite capacity for promising everything to everybody does more credit to her heart than to her head. Misleading nonsense which might be excusable in a Trafalgar Square windbag is inexcusable in a person who has enjoyed the prisoner's educational advantages.

"Lady Cynthia may mean well, but her speeches appear to mean very little, and, since her good looks are more conspicuous than her good sense, I must direct that in future political campaigns she shall be seen and not heard."

A 15/6 GIFT FREE

See pages 32 and 33

SALE

BARRY'S 1ST SALE

YOUR NEW SUIT or OVERCOAT MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES.

35/- 45/- 55/-

EVERY 10/- INCREASE IN PRICE MEANS £1 MORE VALUE IN YOUR SUIT OR OVERCOAT.

Our Self-measure Chart is unerring. Free Fashion Brochure accompanies patterns.

The Finest Value in the World

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

WRITE or CALL

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms

We forfeit 2/6 more than you pay us if we fail to please you at every point.

THE IDEAL COAT FOR WINTER WEAR.

The Famous BARRICO Tailor-made TRENCH COAT

(The Absolutely Genuine Officers' 4-in-1 model)

Original Price 45/- Special Offer 30/- POST PAID

Or by "Cash on Delivery" System if Preferred.

GABARDINE OIL-SKIN CHECK LINING DETACHABLE WOOL LINING

IN NAVY BLUE OR FAWN

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, for there is no coat on the market more serviceable in our variable climate. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oilskin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or snow. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- for this wonderful coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

Cash refunded if not approved.

S. A. BARRY & CO. LTD.

(J.B. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus)

Write 5 words for £105

No entrance fee—nothing to buy—no annoying conditions. Just write a 5-word slogan describing the superlative qualities of the new EDISWAN Quarter-Watt POINT ONE ECONOMY Valves. Note the features which have made the new EDISWAN Quarter-Watt POINT ONE ECONOMY Valves supreme: LOW CURRENT CONSUMPTION. TONAL PURITY. ABUNDANT VOLUME. ABSENCE OF MICROPHONIC NOISES. LONG LIFE, and a Filament which is so dull when lighted that an inspection window has to be provided.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

With the above points to guide you, write a phrase of 5 words which fittingly expresses the superlative performance and qualities of the new EDISWAN Quarter-Watt POINT ONE ECONOMY Valves. Read the conditions below, fill in Entry Form, send Entry in sealed Envelope. Use 1½d. stamp. Post to EDISWAN

PRIZE LIST.

First Prize	£105
Second Prize	£55
Third Prize	£25
Fourth Prize	£15
Fifth Prize	£10
Fifty Prizes of	£5

Fifty R.C. Threesome Receiving Sets with Royalties paid.

TO LONDON READERS.

See how simple it is to make the famous R.C. Threesome—boy amateurs will make this simple set before your eyes . . . in the windows of our showrooms at

123/5 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

All next week . . . don't miss this unique and interesting exhibition.

RULES and CONDITIONS.

1.—Prizes will be awarded in order of merit, for what in the opinion of the Judging Committee are the best slogans received.

2.—In order to qualify, the competitor must complete the accompanying Entry Form, and *send with it the names and addresses of five wireless users.*

3.—The Judging Committee's decision on any matter arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

4.—Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

5.—No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this competition.

6.—Employees of The Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd., are not eligible to compete.

7.—All entries must bear a post-mark not later than Monday, January 10th, 1927.

8.—Results will be published in the DAILY MAIL on Monday, 31st January, 1927.

EDISWAN VALVES

ENTRY FORM. *John Bull*—25.12.26.

To THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD., (Publicity), 123/5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the conditions announced in this advertisement.

Please send copy of R.C. Threesome Instruction Book and Blue-Print. (Strike out if not required.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— . . . . . .

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

The Completed Puzzle

C	R	U	X		C	A	N	D	Y		S	H	U	N
H	U	G		M	A	G	E	R		C	E	A	S	E
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P	E	W	T	E	R		E	R	R	A	N	T	R	Y
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O	P	I	N	T	A	C	T		S	K	E	M	E	R
S	O	O	N		L	E	A	S	H		B	R	A	C
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A	D													

Solution to the Crossword Puzzle published in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page [illegible].

The Smallest Cross-word Puzzle on Record

WE give here the solution to Lady Oseda Mopp's original cross-word puzzle which figured in Ashley Sterne's humorous story "Twice Aboard the Lugger" in the JOHN BULL XMAS ANNUAL.

S	E	T
	L	
R	I	B

The first correct post-card scrutinised was that of Mrs. T. Harries, "Ildaville," Redcar Lane, Redcar, to whom a cheque for £5 has been sent.

The Helping Hand

Christmas Appeals which "JOHN BULL" Heartily Commends to its Readers.

"An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves."

Give what you can afford—
SEND NOW!

Your Own
CHRISTMAS PARTY

£5 will enable The Church Army to arrange for you a happy, helpful Christmas Dinner Party for 60 old folk or poor children—but

ANY SMALLER GIFT
will be gratefully received by

THE CHURCH ARMY

Cheques, etc., "Barclay's a/c Church Army," payable to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

UNHAPPINESS seems to have no place in the scheme of things at Christmas.

Yet the season when so many young hearts are throbbing with expectancy is surely an appropriate time for sympathy and generosity towards their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

You show GOOD WILL TO ALL when you send a CHRISTMAS gift to

The N.S.P.C.C.

SIR ROBERT PARR, O.B.E., Director, THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

"EIGHT YEARS AFTER ——"

In November, eight years ago, there came an end to the world war. In the years during and since the war, the men who lost their sight in fighting for King and Empire have proved, to the world's admiration, their

"Conquest over Blindness"

ST. DUNSTAN'S, which has trained these men to lead lives of usefulness and content, has given its pledge to watch over their welfare as long as they live. Donations and subscriptions to discharge this, a debt we all owe, will be gratefully received by

THE TREASURER,
St. Dunstan's Headquarters,
Inner Circle, Regent's Park,
London, N.W.1.

WAR-BLINDED CRAFTSMEN

There is room in every home for some of the beautiful goods made by the highly trained Men of St. Dunstan's. Please write for colour illustrated list of mats, baskets, joinery, nets, trays, etc., to Sales Department, St. Dunstan's Headquarters, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

(St. Dunstan's is registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.)

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Charter:
"No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission."

101,245 children admitted.
17,312 children and young people dealt with last year.
7,725 boys and girls and babies now being supported.
1,045 are helpless babies and toddlers under 5.
5 come in daily.

Will **"JOHN BULL"** readers send

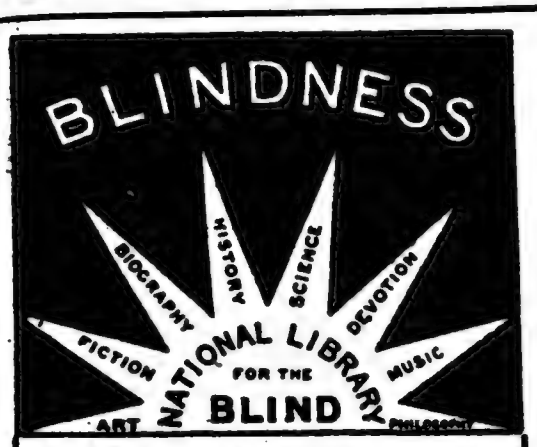
A CHRISTMAS GIFT

of

2/6

to feed
one little one
during Christmastime?

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Xmas Food Fund" and crossed, may be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 39, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.



CHRISTMAS—

MAKES THE SUN RISE FOR THOSE WHO CAN ONLY SEE WITH THEIR

MIND'S EYE!

10,000
BLIND READERS DEPEND ON US AND WE CANNOT FINISH OUR EXTENSION WITHOUT

YOUR HELP.

NO GIFT TOO GREAT OR TOO SMALL SEND DONATIONS MARKED "J.B.": TO

Miss Pearson,
NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND,
35, Great Smith Street, S.W.1.
(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920).

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, LONDON, W.C.2

£100,000 Urgently Required for a Much-needed Extension Scheme

Some reasons why your immediate help is desired.

1. CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL does not serve any particular neighbourhood. Its patients come not only from all parts of London, but from every corner of the British Isles.
2. CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL is **the** accident Hospital of the Metropolis. 100,000 such cases are treated every year. Any day you or your friends may need its help.
3. CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL has never been in debt. We extract every penny-worth of value from every penny received, and we cut our coat according to our cloth.
4. CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL is appealing for Funds now only because it must have more beds to cope with the growing number of casualties owing to the increase in street traffic.

£100,000	will pay the entire cost of the new Hospital we have just purchased.
£10,000	will endow a Ward for all time.
£1,000	will endow a Bed for all time.
£500	will endow a Cot for all time.
£100	will name a Bed for one year.
£50	will name a Cot for one year.
£25	will secure election as a Life-Governor.
£10	will pay the entire cost of treating one adult sufferer.
£5	will pay the entire cost of treating one suffering child.
£1	will dedicate a cornerstone in our new Building.
5/-	will provide a brick.

Every reader can take a part in this work of supreme importance. What share will **YOU** take?

Please send your gifts to:—

PHILIP INMAN, *Superintendent*,
CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, LONDON, W.C.2.

Words Winged to Women

ALL over the world where Christmas is celebrated ring the words, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." And still, as the centuries roll on, little children are being born for whom Christian civilisation does not find homes

BETTER THAN HOLLY

by MABEL HORNER

CHRISTMAS is the festival of the child. Here and there, as the festive season approaches, some grown-up man or woman, hard and disillusioned, can be heard giving utterance to the words, "Christmas is a bore."

That is a blasphemy, a cold sentiment that ought never to find a place in any heart. The little children would not subscribe to it. The little children, they who are nearer to the heart of God, they know.

Children love Christmas. I would that every tiny cottage home this Christmas could have its tree decked with glittering toys and twinkling candles, that the fulfilment of heart's desire could come to every child.

But before these things can be every child must, first and foremost, have a real home.

We give lip service enough to the child. In every church throughout our land this Christmas the child will be glorified. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will among men"—the birth of a child is celebrated.

Unfruitful sentiment

Some churches will have beautiful pictures of a serene mother bending over a newly born Child. Hearts will soften, and eyes diffuse with tears, as it is remembered that the Child was born in a manger because there was no room in the inn for the mother when her time grew near.

But of what avail is all this sentiment, this tenderness, if century after century we let the years roll by and still find no room for the mother and her child? That is the terrible irony of the whole celebration of Christmas.

Once again it is Christmas, and again at Christmastide there are mothers awaiting the advent of a child for whom in all our vaunted civilisation no room can be found. It may bring home the facts more clearly if we listen to one of these mothers speak. This one writes to me out of the depths of her breaking heart.

"I want to tell my troubles to someone who will understand. . . . I am proud, I can't tell anyone. I have been married nearly seven years and have two bonny baby girls, and I am expecting another baby to be born at Christmas.

The mother's despair

"And all the babies that could come would be quite welcome if only I could get a house or home. I am almost mad with despair, thinking of where I can go for this Christmas baby to be born. I have hunted and searched from morn until night for a house or even a decent lodging.

"When my last baby was born I was so ill with worry beforehand they despaired of my life. Now I am face to face once more with the same worry.

"Wherever I go the prospect of another baby arriving doesn't suit; then they say there is no room. There is no room where we now are, four sleeping on one bed. What can I do with this third baby coming?"

What indeed? My correspondent ends her letter with declaring that very many times she has felt strongly tempted to turn her back upon the struggle "and find a coward's way out."

This, remember, is not a woman living on the "dole," nor asking for charity. She is poor, but her husband, an ex-Service man, is a labourer in work. All she asks is a home, a little place with four walls and a roof where she can rear her children in decency and make a refuge and a home.

"I feel," she writes, "as though I could go on my knees to a house-agent and pray for the key of a house."

But it is more than nineteen hundred years since the Christmas Child was born in a manger and still there are no houses to meet the need of humble mothers such as this.

In Deptford the Medical Officer of Health has condemned three thousand houses and urges their demolition. Whole families live in daily peril of the walls of their rotting, overcrowded tenements crumbling and tumbling in upon them.

So it is, all over the country, in city and village alike. *Land is dear, it is locked up.*

Mrs. George Cadbury, who with her husband, the late Mr. George Cadbury, made a practical contribution towards solving the housing problem by bringing into being the beautiful garden suburb of Bournville

Better than decorations

There are women on our city councils, in Parliament, among landlords, and always everywhere behind the scenes. Let them get together and solve this problem.

Here and there one or two devoted people have set the pace and shown the way.

This is the season of good will. Better than decorating churches with holly and singing carols would be to honour the Christmas Child of long ago by working together with real determination to lift this bitter wrong of homelessness from the Christmas child of to-day.

An Ugly Ultimatum

by MRS. H. M. SWANWICK, M.A. *(Editor of "Foreign Affairs" and Member of the British Delegation to the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations)*

MEN suffer from the common failing that they find it easier to die for a cause than to live for it.

We will cheerfully sacrifice a million young men and pay hundreds of millions of pounds for the dream of a "war to end war," but we grouse at a total yearly expenditure of one million by the League of Nations and we will not face up to the necessity of the sacrifices of national sovereignty which we must offer if the League is to do its work.

Mrs. Swanwick

Most people seem to think that when diplomats have made a treaty they have made peace, and the people can turn from foreign affairs and devote themselves to their private interests.

If they profess to "believe in the League of Nations," they may go the length of putting a penny in the slot (paying a subscription to some society for the promotion of the League) and they then expect the League to deliver the goods—namely, peace and security.

They have not grasped the fact that the League is a machine which is worked by the Governments of the States composing it. If the people choose nationalist or imperialist Governments, these will not allow the League to pursue pacifist or internationalist aims.

For, if you do not root out the causes of war, you cannot prevent war. It is while the war is being built up that its component parts must be quietly and patiently taken to pieces.

THE only practicable alternative to private war is the universal acceptance of all-in arbitration, involving (1) Abandonment of the "right" to make private war; (2) willingness to revise treaties which have become inapplicable or a danger to peace: (3) recognition that the world is one and that co-operative organisation of world-trade and access to raw materials is urgently needed.

The agreement recently arrived at between the British Government and the Dominions that it would be "premature" to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of The Hague Court is, therefore, a very grave set-back to peace.

The court was set up by the League of Nations with the hearty co-operation of the British Government; its compulsory jurisdiction in certain classes of cases has been accepted by nineteen other States.

IT is difficult, therefore, to understand why it would be "premature" for us to accept the reign of law. The moral effect upon the rest of the world of this powerful Empire still claiming to be judge in its own case is bound to be disastrous.

While, however, one must plead for the reign of law, one must also recognise that laws grow old and effete, and unless they are revised to meet changing needs, they may actually become a danger.

Treaties are a part of international law, but treaties imposed by force may be oppressive and out-of-date treaties should be revised before they have exasperated those who suffer under them.

That is why we should have declared years ago that we would revise our treaties with China in the direction of equality. We could have done then, with a grace, what we shall have to do now with infinite difficulty, and after who knows how many regrettable and shameful incidents.

OUR ADVERT. COMPETITION.

On page 27 cash prizes are offered for the best answers to the seven riddles in the seven advertisements headed "Familiar Friends." There is no entrance fee; you can send in as many answers as you like. Write clearly. Further information is contained in the heading of this feature.

SCRAP YOUR WIRELESS H.T. BATTERY!
The "EKCO" H.T. UNIT
obtains H.T. Current from your Home Electricity Supply by just attaching adaptor to electric light lamp-holder!
SAFE! SILENT! SOUND!
Units to suit all sets. D.C. models from 42/6 Illustrated Folder FREE.
E. K. COLE, Ltd. (Dept. Z) 615, London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

BEST DIET ADVICE.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health, and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

YOU CAN SEE THROUGH
ZIG-ZAG
CIGARETTE PAPERS
They're so pure
From all Tobacconists

FOR 40 YEARS
THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY
FOR
Colds, Influenza, Sore Throats, etc.
KOMPO FOR COLDS
KOMPO REGD.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in Bottles, 1/3 and 3/-.
J. F. WHITE & CO., Chemists, Leeds.

MAKE YOURSELF HAPPIER.

AT this season of jollity and feasting, spare a thought for those to whom Christmas means little without *Your* help. Every appeal on page 24 is worthy of consideration. The noble work of such institutions as Dr. Barnardo's Homes, with its ever-open doors, The Library for the Blind, and St. Dunstan's, need every bit of support that JOHN BULL readers can give. No less deserving are the appeals of the Charing Cross Hospital, the Church Army, and the N.S.P.C.C. The activities of these great institutions are unceasing, but their big burden is lack of funds. Help them to make a happy Christmas for those they befriend. You will then be happier yourself knowing that you have "done your bit."

For Cold on the Chest

Simply massage Musterole in gently with the finger-tips. You will be delighted at the quick relief. This clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard, does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. It often prevents pneumonia and other complications.

Use Musterole for colds and all forms of congestion.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

WINTER BRINGS COLDS

GALLOWAY'S *cures them!*

A cough or a cold is detrimental to health, and if not speedily checked may lead to far greater evils which too often end fatally. You can never commence to cure a cough or a cold too soon. At the first sign, take a dose of "Galloway's" Cough Syrup—it will dispel these troublesome ailments like "One o'clock." For everyone from the youngest child to the oldest person, it is the sure and safe remedy, and one which is delightful to take. Read what others say about it.

CHILDREN LOVE IT.

Mrs. Eastmead, of 115, Thanet House, Thanet Street, King's Cross, W.C.1, writes:—"I feel bound to say a few words in praise of your wonderful Cough Syrup. My little girl contracted a very bad cough, and I thought she was in for a bad illness. A bottle of 'Galloway's' relieved her at once, and in a week she was quite herself again. I shall recommend this splendid remedy whenever I can."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP.

The Great London Remedy.

Sold by Chemists everywhere—1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct from P. H. Galloway Ltd. Chemists, London, S.E.17. Price 1/9 and 3/3 post free.

Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be worry are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first three letters printed

A "Humanist" Christmas

The Deprived Wife—The Finger of Scorn—A Cruel Slander

"A YEAR ago I was one of the most miserable of men. To-day, though I am still in difficulties, my heart is warmed by the recollection of the most wonderful Christmas Eve in my life.

"If ever a man was down and out, I was. I had done my bit, but as I could not prove disability due to the war I had no pension, and as I had always been a 'master-man' and had no employment card, I had no 'dole.'

"But I had a wife and two kiddies and my heart was breaking at the thought of the dismal Christmas awaiting them.

"For a few weeks in November I had obtained a job many miles from my home. Each week I had sent most of my earnings to my wife, hoping against hope that there would be enough to pay arrears of rent and prevent eviction, and just when everyone around me seemed to be preparing for the festive season, the black cloud descended and I was 'paid off.'

"How I got home for that Christmas I scarcely know. I had not left myself sufficient money to pay my fare, so I tramped and begged lifts and even scrambled on to a goods train to cover the 200 miles that lay between me and my dear ones.

"When I got home I found that most of the money had gone to the landlord and there was little left for Christmas cheer.

"On the morning before Christmas I bought three pounds of flank of beef for 1s. and some raisins and spice with which I hoped that a plain 'plum duff' could be disguised into a Christmas pudding. The butcher kindly gave me a sprig of holly!

I HAD returned to the house with these and I was feeling ready to weep when a taxi drew up at the cottage and a man and woman got out, carrying between them a hamper. There was a knock and the children ran and hid themselves, for they were too poorly-clad to be seen by visitors.

"My wife went trembling to the door, for most recent callers had been anything but heralds of happiness. What she found there will remain in my memory as long as I live.

"A man, whose eyes were the gentlest I have ever seen in any human countenance, and a woman, whose face was a glory of sunshine and golden smiles, stood there and asked if they might come in and bring a hamper from an unknown friend.

"Bewildered, my wife received them, and on our table was placed a goose, a Christmas pudding, a cake and a collection of groceries sufficient to maintain us for a week. There was even a pound of candles, though how they were aware that the gas had been cut off I never knew.

"The man asked for the children. They went to him shyly, and he took one on each knee and played a wonderful game with them in which they in turn shut their eyes while he produced from his pockets surprises for them in the way of sweets and toys.

"The woman went into the kitchen and helped my wife to dress the goose for cooking, telling her that she would not need to worry about gas, which, by a miracle, as it seemed, came on a few hours later.

"Last Christmas seemed to me like a wonderful dream come true, and I did not know until months afterwards that it was 'Humanist' who had sent Father Christmas to my poor desolate home.

"There have been prayers for you every day and night since, and I wanted to let you know this year that you restored my faith and courage and enabled me to clamber back from the slough of despond."

"HUMANIST" says: *The joy of giving transcends the joy of receiving and your happiness made me happier. I only wish that an increased number of readers would make it possible by their subscriptions to send Santa Claus through the "Greatest of These—" Fund to many other poor souls in similar distress.*

* * *

A Woman's Yearning

"I AM twenty-five years of age and have been married four years. I help in the shop every day, in addition to doing all my own housework, as we are trying to work up a neglected trade and cannot afford help either in the shop or in the home.

"I am passionately fond of children, but at my husband's request I have allowed all thoughts of motherhood to remain in my dreams until we should be in a better position to bring up a little one.

"A few months ago my husband unexpectedly came into a small legacy, and it made my heart jump for joy to think that at last I should be able to satisfy my yearning for a baby.

"To my unutterable disappointment, however, instead of banking the money to meet the expenses of the little one for which I had so fervently hoped, he allowed himself to be persuaded into buying a motor-cycle combination which cost practically the whole of his little legacy.

"When he proudly displayed this plaything I felt so downcast that I could only tell him that I did not think we needed it, but he sensed my depression and made me tell him what was in my mind—namely, that a motor-cycle combination was poor consolation to a woman disappointed of motherhood.

"I feel now that the 'blues' have settled on me permanently, and the more I think of children the more empty and purposeless my life seems.

"Please tell me what to do and how to make my husband realise what my feelings are in the matter."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your feelings are those of every natural-minded healthy woman in the circumstances and you should be proud of them. I imagine that your husband probably will repent of his thoughtless selfishness as he realises that his costly plaything brings you no pleasure, and the best thing you can do is to urge him to use it for the purpose of extending his business rather than for joy-riding, so that he need no longer fear to satisfy your longing because of financial reasons.*

The Eleventh Hour

THERE is still time for you to ensure your own happiness and rid yourself of fears of spectres at midnight on Christmas Eve by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 3 ...)

Think of the Child

"I AM writing on behalf of a widow who is not yet able to obtain the old-age pension, and has a hard struggle to support herself and four orphan grandchildren. One is a boy of eleven who recently has caused her great trouble.

"He was sent on an errand to the house of a neighbour, where finding nobody at home he seems to have been tempted to steal, in a very purposeless fashion, for although the article he stole was worth more than £1, he broke it up and scattered the pieces.

"His grandmother refunded part of its value, promising the balance as soon as she was able. The case eventually came into the Children's Court, where the young offender was bound over.

"The trouble now is that the youngster is being pointed out as a thief. Only last week he was sent by his grandmother to the pawnbroker where the woman told him that she knew of his stealing and would not allow him there.

"The poor little chap went home broken-hearted and his grandmother is at her wits' end to know how to avoid such unpleasantness in future."

"HUMANIST" says: *While it may seem uncharitable that the lad should be reminded in such a fashion of his wrong-doing, it is only natural that a pawnbroker should be suspicious of a boy who has been before the Children's Court for theft, and I think the grandmother should have more sense and more regard for the boy's welfare than to send him to the pawnshop.*

* * *

"For of Such . . ."

"Seven years ago my husband divorced me. A good Christian man has since married me, and we have two children. The vicar's wife says we are living in sin and cannot hope for forgiveness, and that our little ones were not truly born in wedlock."

"Humanist" says: *Set your mind at rest. Your second marriage was legal and your little ones are legitimate. Nothing the parson's wife may say can alter that, nor can she debar you from forgiveness or destroy your babies' hopes of heaven.*

The Painful Truth

"My very dear friend has been sadly deceived by her husband, against whom serious charges are being made. She believes him innocent, and has asked me if I know anything against him. I fear the worst, but it will break her heart if I tell her. How can I do so?"

"Humanist" says: *If you tell your friend anything, tell her the truth, but make sure it is the truth. Hearsay is usually made worse in retelling, and if you know any good, tell her that as well. You cannot help her by deceiving her, either way.*

Wings to Clip

"The father of my illegitimate child has been sent to prison for a month for refusing to pay, and he says he means to leave the country as soon as he is released. Can I stop him, or must I be left to beg for my baby?"

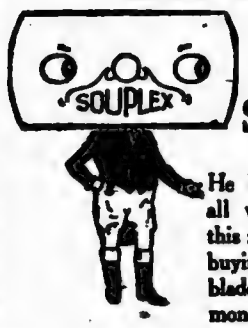
"Humanist" says: *It is a pity that affiliation orders cannot be enforced in the colonies in the same way as matrimonial maintenance orders. The only thing you can do is to apply for a further warrant if he does not pay as soon as he is free.*

'FAMILIAR FRIENDS'

Enter this FREE Competition

At the foot of each advt below is a riddle. We will give a prize of 21/- for the best answer received in each case (seven in all) and in addition a prize of £10 for the brightest answer received in the whole competition. RULES: Postcards only. Write clearly name and address, giving Number of advt. against each answer. Forward as many p.c.'s as you like. Choose any of the riddles. Not more than four answers on each p.c. Editor's decision to be final. Closing date, Jan. 5. *Address: "Familiar Friends." JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).*

"BRITISH BLADES FOR BRITISH CHINS!"



This is "Mr. SOUPLEX"

He has a message for all who shave. It is this:—Why go on buying American blades when for less money you can get genuine British-made SOUPLEX — the World's Best Blades? Fit all Gillette-type razors. Made at Morecambe, Lancs. *Get a packet to-day.*

Sold by Chemists, Cutlers, Hairdressers, Stationers, etc., everywhere.

Five for 1/3 and every blade guaranteed.

On sale at all Boots' Cash Chemists.

No. 1. *Why are Souplex Blades like Schoolboys?*

The best way to spend 6d.

Go to the nearest Confectioner's and ask for "A quarter of a pound of SHARP'S Super-Kreem Toffee, please!" There's nothing quite so delicious and wholesome. Remember, "SHARP'S" the word!

No. 2 *Of what popular Novel does Sir Kreemy Knut remind you?*

EAT "FORCE."

Get the benefit of *whole* wheat. No food is more nourishing. Wheat never tasted better than it does when served as "Force."

"Force" is whole wheat ready to serve with hot milk. "Force" is the right food for boys and girls—and for grown-ups, too. From grocers, 9½d. packet.

FORCE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
MALTED AND TOASTED

No. 3 *In what respect does "Sonny Jim" resemble Father Christmas?*

YOUR LUCK'S IN—

when you light a Black Cat Cigarette. Finest 10 for 6d. value. Honest Virginia tobacco and no frills. Smoke them always, save the coupons given with every packet and get a really worth-while free gift every now and then.

No. 5 *What is the difference between a "Black Cat" cigarette and a locomotive engine?*

THE CREAM OF FASCINATION

Pure and refreshing, EASTERN FOAM Vanishing Cream protects the skin from the ill effects of exposure to the weather, and ensures a delightfully clear complexion, while it forms a perfect basis for powder. Men find it a real boon after shaving.

In large jars, Price 1/6, *of all Chemists and Stores.*

Trial size, 3d. For FREE sample, send 1½d. stamped addressed envelope to:—The British Drug Houses, Ltd. Dept. B.B.), Graham St., London, N.1

No. 4 *Why is the Eastern Foam Girl like a Peach?*

Says General Radio—

Let me send you particulars of my famous two-valve set, for powerful Loud Speaker reception, which will be installed free—complete with Loud Speaker and Headphones—for £1 down. Send p.c. to-day for booklet 4B. GENERAL RADIO COMPANY LIMITED, Radio House, 235, Regent St., W.1.

No. 7 *Why is "General Radio" like a Diplomat?*

'TONE' & 'POWER.'

The Boon Companions of

Osram Valves

for Broadcasting

Are they in your Set?

No. 6 *Why are Osram Valves like a Thoroughbred?*

EAT MORE SEAWEED!

New Life from the Deep!

"Sea-Vitoids"

Trade Mark.

The new Vitamin-Seaweed tonic tablets. Based on the highly scientific principle of blood and nerve nourishment. They contain in their natural state all the elements essential for good health.

Vitamins. It has been proven conclusively that the body cannot develop without Vitamins in the food. Cod Liver Oil is supposed to be richest in this health-giving juice of life, but as the cod is assumed to obtain his supply from seaweed, by taking Sea-Vitoids or Seaweena you obtain a direct supply from the initial source.

Stomach. Sea-Vitoid tablets are slightly laxative and will correct irregularities of the bowel such as temporary constipation, bringing the functions to complete normalcy after a short treatment. The treatment is also effective in removing the cause of diarrhœa, cramp, colic, etc., giving a soothing feeling to the disturbed organs.

Nerves. Figuratively speaking the body is a network of nerves, which radiate from the "central system" located mainly in the brain and spinal cord. We do not for one moment claim that the Sea-Vitoid treatment will cure serious diseases of the nerves such as Aphasia, Apoplexy, Catalepsy, Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, etc., but in the milder cases such as Neurasthenia, Neuritis, Hysteria, Forgetfulness, lack of concentration, shyness, etc., the treatment has a decidedly soothing and quieting effect, especially in cases of sleeplessness, 2 tablets taken with water three times a day with meals should give beneficial results.

Blood. This is the carrying medium of the whole body, and is mainly responsible for its growth and development. If the blood is impoverished the effect may be felt throughout the system, or it may attack only the weak spots, in many cases causing impairment of memory and intellectual power, indigestion, foul breath, loss of appetite, gout, rheumatism, acidity, constipation, boils, pimples, eczema, skin disturbances, anæmia, and generally feeble health. Sea-Vitoid tablets are quickly absorbed into the blood with clarifying effect through the pancreas, liver and kidneys, the result being a decided improvement throughout the entire system.

Tonic. Whenever you feel that you need a quick action tonic pick-me-up swallow 2 Sea-Vitoids with water or milk, and the beneficial result will be manifest in a few minutes. For a continuous tonic treatment 2 tablets with every meal will show improvement in the general health day by day.

Thyroid Gland. When this ductless gland is affected the effect on the entire system is tremendous. In children the growth is stunted, often producing an adverse action of the brain as in the case of idiocy. A lengthy treatise could be written on the innumerable ailments due to a defective thyroid. Iodine and its various preparations have been uniformly adopted by the medical profession to counteract adverse symptoms. Sea-Vitoids contain Iodine in its purest form which gives sustenance to the Thyroid, but in addition to this, Iodine is perhaps the most powerful of all disinfectants and germ destroyers, and when taken in the form of Sea-Vitoids the entire digestive tract through to the rectal passage receives a certain amount of disinfective lubrication.

Rejuvenation. Experimental research has shown that the Sea-Vitoids have a most marked effect on sluggish organs of the body, satisfactory results showing after a few doses have been taken. Our experiments on animals have been particularly noteworthy.

Hair. One of the surest and best signs of improved health and youthful rejuvenation is the increased growth of hair. It will be noticed that the Seaweed treatment stops falling hairs and quickly promotes a strong luxuriant glossy growth. This is due to the nourishment of the follicles, which thrive and show marked fertility under the Seaweed treatment.

DOSES.

Take 2 tablets with plenty of water or milk and relief will be obtained in a few minutes in cases of headache, toothache, earache, stomach-ache, cramps, indigestion, acidity, gastric disturbance, menstrual pains, neuralgia or pains of any description. Repeat one tablet every hour if necessary until pain has entirely disappeared.

Two tablets before breakfast and one tablet every hour thereafter if necessary will dispel all liverish conditions, such as lumbago, sleeplessness, lassitude, biliousness, giddiness, depression, tired feeling, drowsiness, brain-fag, lack of ambition, general heaviness, inclination to vomit, and all temporary disorders of the liver, kidneys, pancreas, and intestinal tracts.

Two tablets taken every three hours will relieve colds, fever, and influenza, reducing the temperature, sneezing, coughing, and dispel other unpleasant symptoms.

Sea-Vitoid tablets produce in a few minutes a brisk, snappy feeling of exhilaration and energy and as a tonic pick-me-up they have no equal.

1/3 per packet

OUR GUARANTEE! We cannot, nor have we any desire to assume that the seaweed treatment will cure in every case, but we are sure that in a very large percentage of cases there will be a marked improvement in the general health. All we ask of you is to obtain a 1/3 packet of Sea-Vitoids from your chemist or by post, take the entire contents as directed, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the beneficial results, post us the wrapper and we will immediately refund your money and ask no questions!

HYGIENIC FOOD PRODUCTS, LTD.,
57a, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.1.

Extract from "Daily Express," October 4th, 1926.

Sea-Breeze in an Oyster.

IODINE IN EVERY SWALLOW.

LIFE-LENGTHENER.

"Swallow an oyster and get that sea-breeze feeling" will probably be the new slogan of Whitstable and Colchester.

Scientists have discovered that oysters contain so much iodine that they probably rank with Vitamin A as the two great life-lengtheners among foods.

There is 200 per cent. more iodine in oysters than in milk, meat, or eggs.

The true, the valiant oyster-swallowers declare that Napoleon fought his best battles on a "daily dozen." He said they made him feel fit. The modern scientist says the same.

VITALISER.

Iodine is one of the greatest of all vitalisers.

"One goes to the sea for iodine and to seaweed," said a doctor in discussing the discovery with a "Daily Express" representative last night. "It seems probable that one would also find iodine in a sea animal, such as the oyster."

Medical men, however, have not hitherto shared, in their official capacity, the enthusiasm of Napoleon and humble oyster-lovers.

Digestibility has been admitted, but not much more in the way of virtue. Doctors have generally prescribed oysters for convalescents, with their finicky appetites.

People who imagine that they feel braced after their daily dozen will know now that the sanction of science follows each slippery swallow.

SEAWEENA.

But where does the oyster get these wonderful juices of health and Vitality? From the succulent Seaweed, of course. Seaweena is the finest extract of Seaweed made into a tonic to be used with food as a table salt, and contains the maximum amount of the natural pure and unadulterated IODINE. This must not be confused with the so-called "iodine salts," which may be only ordinary salt mixed with potassium iodide. From all Chemists and Grocers or by Post, 1/- per packet.

FREE Send postcard for Free Sample, also Free Booklet, "Seaweed and its Story," by Dr. W. J. MELHUISH, D.Sc., Ph.D.

SEA-VITOIDS.

Are tablets of powerful strength made from finest extract of seaweed and other ingredients, and it is astonishing how quickly the tonic effect is felt in ailments such as headache, indigestion, rheumatism, colds, fevers, biliousness, lumbago, disordered stomach, depression, constipation, nerves, liver, kidneys, skin blemishes, general weakness and debility, acidity, influenza, neuralgia, anæmia, etc. From all Chemists or by Post 1/3 per packet.

Our Letter Parliament

Let's Have Their Names!

The Price of Bread—Miners' Sacrifice—A Blasphemous Travesty

MR. E. ROFFE THOMPSON in "The Ogre's Acre," in JOHN BULL of December 11, puts his finger on the plague spot when he mentions the slums in connection with the slow improvement in the children's health. Home conditions, as every teacher in the land knows, nullify the benefits of the teaching of hygiene, the training of the mind, body and emotions through hygiene, physical training and games. Scrap some of the silly armament schemes, encourage the building of houses and provide open spaces and playing fields. A nation of fit boys and girls is the soundest investment.—*Health Teacher, Newport, Mon.*

Paying with Life

"England," said old King Khama, "takes care of her things, but she throws away her people." Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's indictment of the iniquitous land laws shows that we still pursue the same sorry policy. We consign our children to the slums and deny them playgrounds. The poor also pay in life for their poverty. Sir Shirley Murphy, ex-Medical Officer for London, calculated that a Southwark child had fourteen years less expectation of life than a Hampstead child.—*K. G. M., Woodside Park.*

Scientific Feeding

Slum landlords have some responsibility for the appalling wastage of child life, but may I suggest another cause and a remedy? Children of all ages need children's food, and not the little bit from the family meal that is supposed to satisfy. Is not the solution then to feed children at school on scientific lines? This is done in London to-day at a cost of 2s. per week per child, each child having three meals per day for six days.—*M. S. M., Rochdale.*

Beyond Repair

Does it occasion any wonder that the standard of mental and physical efficiency rises so reluctantly in this country, when it is realised that at the present time 26 per cent. of our school children are unfit to receive education? Remedies and repairs in the nature of medical and auxiliary services are of little use; what is needed is a vigorous onslaught upon those ghouls who have taken to themselves the title of lords of the land.—*A. Crook, Arduick.*

A Black List

Tablets giving the owners' names should be affixed to all slum property. A black list would soon follow. We claim that British children are the best in the world. They deserve the best environment. Those of us with a conscience and a sense of decency should demand the abolishing of all slum property.—*Forward, Sunderland.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

The Blind Eye

There will be no drastic attack on the slum evil until the public is awakened to its reality by some great epidemic engendered in these breeding-grounds of disease. It is easy for the great middle and upper classes to ignore what the eye doesn't see. But sooner or later it will be brought home to them in a way they will understand and will not like.—*G. R., New Cross.*

A Tragic Answer

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson is right when he blames the slums for the high mortality or enfeebled health among elementary school children. All social work is tinkering when the poisonous source is left unheeded. On one occasion I was shown over a large school in dockland, and was surprised at the average healthy appearance of the children. On asking the headmaster the reason, he replied: "The rest are dead, sir."—*Social, Brighton.*

For the Kiddies' Sake

While holding no brief for slum landlords, I cannot help thinking that slum tenants are themselves partly responsible for the deplorable conditions under which they live. It is astonishing how many slum dwellers have no desire to get away from their surroundings. But this is no reason why these people should be allowed to remain in insanitary, unhygienic hovels, and for the sake of the children suitable housing ought to be provided.—*Pro Bono Publico, Scotland.*

Printers' Pie

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."

"GLASGOW EVENING NEWS":—"When I turned out at Hamilton NEXT Saturday the crowd was shouting about this paragraph."

"CENTRAL SOMERSET GAZETTE":—"They were married TEN years ago on September 7th, 1921."

"HARROGATE ADVERTISER": —"Those who were PRESENT missed a musical and an intellectual treat."

"CAMBRIDGE INDEPENDENT PRESS": —"A range of NEW SHADES in Fast Pile Twill BLACK Velveteens."

"LLANELLY MERCURY": —"They were very UNFORTUNATE in having such an enthusiastic and staunch supporter."

A Puzzling Question

At the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society brown bread is sold at the same price as white bread—namely, 9d. per quartern. If it can be sold by one firm at no increase in price, why not another, especially as doctors urge us to eat more brown bread?—*Householder, Peckham.*

A Fine Fund

Other places would do well to follow the example of Norwich, which, every winter for years past, has had a school children's boot fund. In all deserving cases boots are given free, and credit is due to the originator and contributors to such a scheme.—*Cinders, Norwich.*

The Miners' Skin

During the past months, while the local miners were on strike, no fewer than twenty of them have sacrificed their skin for grafting. A district insurance agent met with terrible burns in a motor-cycling accident, and doctors at the local hospital called for volunteers. After nine months, and probably for the Christmas, the victim will return home convalescent.—*A. Seymour, Radstock.*

A Thought for "Postie"

JOHN BULL readers can do much to lighten the lot of the postman by plainly addressing their Christmas letters and parcels. Where a house is named always in addition insert the number of the road. Many postmen at this season are temporary men. "The Oaks" or "The Nest" may be well known to the regular "postie," but to the "temporary" they are not easy to locate.—*Civil Service, London, N.*

Christian "Soldiers"

Your "Candid Communication" *re* the Church Lads' Brigade should rivet the attention of all your readers. Both the Church Lads' Brigade and Boy Scouts are tending to make potential soldiers of the boys. Better scrap both movements if the object of modern organisers is to prepare them for bull's-eye targets and gas areas. It is a blasphemous travesty to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" dressed in khaki and carrying rifles.—*Camouflage, Lancashire.*

We Blush!

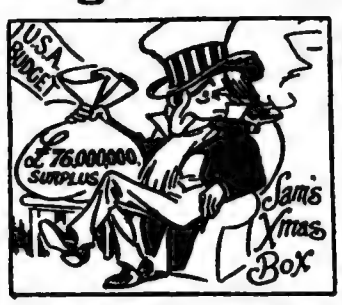
Your readers will look back with satisfaction on the past year. The services rendered to them by JOHN BULL in all matters from domestic troubles to finance have not been surpassed in journalism. In industrial affairs, the total absence of political bias and unflagging support of just claims sets an example to the nation's Press. Further, the Dickens' spirit has always permeated JOHN BULL'S pages, and this leads me to suggest that its million readers mark their appreciation by doing a seasonable kindness to anyone in poorer circumstances this Christmas.—*Kitchener Boy, Huddersfield.*

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

In panto shows, so rumour goes,
Comedians of renown
This coming year will reappear
And once more play the clown.

"Upon my word, it's too absurd!
Such greed is simply shocking;
My sack of stuff is not enough
To fill this monster stocking!"



"'Lucky Sam!' of course I am,
I don't let men fool me.
'Save the dough or out you go!'
I tell those who rule me."

Tho', as we know, this man of snow
Took some time in evolving,
It can't compete with sun and heat
And soon will be dissolving.

"Greatest of These" Acknowledgments

(Continued from page 34)

A. R. Reader, 5s.; S. D. (Kirkebridge), 5s.; "Darnall," 2s.; Little Marian, 1s.; Ex-Sgt. John Moyle, 5s. 6d.; H. E. S, Sarum, 6s.; Another Ninth, M. H., 6d.; Anon., 10s.; Mr. F. Ellard, 1s.; Mrs. F. A. Harvey, 1s.; Little Mary, 1s. 6d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; Mrs. G. Whitfield, 2s.; Parcels of clothing have been received from Mill House, New Romney; Mrs. Tutton, S. Croydon; Madge, Bletchingley; Mrs. Sutton, Gillingham; G. Clayton; Mrs. Lender; Miss E. Coombs; Mrs. Littley; "A Lover of the Poor."

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Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over

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The Two Big Victory Races

A Rest for Racegoers—After Christmas Big Events—Winnall for the Steeplechase—A Horse with a Long Memory—Lusty Labrador

I TAKE this opportunity of wishing every JOHN BULL racing reader A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous 1927. May your winners be long-shots, losers few, and your bookie not included in the "also rans." Can I say more?

Racing Journalists in Clover

Christmas week is the one period of the year when the racing journalist who attends the meetings can lean back and take a little nourishment. He has two days off, the 24th and the 25th. This particular year he is in clover, as the only fixture for the week is the two-day Bournemouth meeting.

The Two Victory Races

Once the festivities are over, and the old calendars torn up, the important Manchester meeting is staged, with its two big events, the Victory Steeplechase and the Victory Hurdle.

Plums of the N.H. Season

These two races have, of course, only been run since the war, and as one is worth £600 and the other £400, they can be considered plums as far as National Hunt racing is concerned. Together they are more valuable than the six events at most meetings.

Woodland's Winning Way

The motto which has emanated from the all-conquering Woodland's stable is, "Two winners a day keep the brokers away," and I have a shrewd idea that this clever trainer will carry off the steeplechase with Winnall. I should be more confident if the event were three miles instead of two, but I cannot alter the conditions of the race.

P. Woodland, the trainer of Winnall

Winnall Possesses a Long Memory

Mr. H. Liddell, who owns Winnall, may yet win a Grand National with the gelding. I have always been of the opinion that he would have won Master Robert's race if he had not been knocked over by a loose horse when fences ahead. This was in 1924, and evidently Winnall is gifted with a good memory for in the 1925 race he refused to take the fence at which he was baulked twelve months previously. Last March he did not run, so he has had plenty of time to forget.

The Big Hurdle Race

The Victory Hurdle is still a very open race in spite of the fact that ten of the twenty-two entries failed to accept. Blaris, the champion hurdler, stands his ground at the top of the handicap with 12 st. 7 lb., and if Duller elects to ride, I think he will win. As everyone knows, Coulthwaite is very partial to the Manchester course, and the danger is likely to spring from one of his pair, Major Ray and Cyclax.

Major Ray and Blaris—One all

Major Ray receives 17 lb. from Blaris. At Liverpool, in March, when heavily backed, he beat Payne's hurdler into third place. On this occasion he received a stone, but, as recently as October, Blaris—giving away only 8 lb.—made the score one all. Blaris was favourite and the Major unquoted in the betting. Coulthwaite, however, is a very patient trainer, and it is obvious if Major Ray is turned out in the pink of condition—and backed—he must go close.

The Favourites in Mixed Doubles

The hint which I gave in these notes to follow the favourites in mixed doubles throughout December is showing handsome profits. The two-day meeting at Nottingham was exceptionally good for backers of this system, the winnings amounting to approximately eighty points. In answer to numerous correspondents, the system should be discontinued at the end of December.

Sixteen Races—Sixteen Successes

I cannot pass over this Midland meeting without reference to two of the winning favourites, Dudley and Labrador. Dudley is now a twelve-year-old veteran, and although he carried the top-weight of 12 st. 7 lb., he won comfortably, and Harry A. Brown, in the saddle, received a great ovation. I do not know exactly how many races H. A. has won on Lord Londesborough's gelding, but whatever the number, it must constitute a record. In 1925, the combination, Dudley and Mr. Brown, faced the starter on sixteen occasions. They won every race. One event was a walk over.

Lusty Labrador

Labrador is an American horse owned by Mr. Marshall Field, and is probably the biggest and most powerful racer in training in this country or the States. As the Yanks would say, "This is saying some." The gelding stands over 17 hands. At Birmingham, in November, he ran third to Set Fast and Grakle, but at Nottingham the form was turned inside out. Grakle was second, beaten two lengths, and Set Fast third, another six lengths in the rear. Labrador is acclimatised and should never be missed.

It Does not Pay to Follow "Rogues"

Dawson City has broken many hearts and purses on the flat, and is now undergoing a course of hurdling. Like Tom Pinch, this bogey may win a race, but, in the long run, following rogues is not a profitable pastime. No doubt, rheumatism has had a great deal to do with the decline of this Irish importation, but with this eliminated from his joints, I should not trust him. Out of cussedness, he is the type of beast to contract Charleston legs.

Boxers and the Turf

Since his eclipse by Gene Tunney Jack Dempsey has joined the list of race-horse owners. The ex-boxing champion has acquired a fortune in the squared ring, and might easily have doubled it in the betting ring if he had chosen to lay the odds, but there is not the same glamour attached to this side of the sport. If I remember rightly Jimmy Wilde tried both branches of the game. He won a race or two with a 'chaser named Ambridge a few years ago, and at that time tried his hand at the bookmaking business. I have also seen Joe Beckett laying the odds, but he has never aspired to ownership. Joe is a wise man.

Mr. "Manna" Morriss

The latest flat race-horse owner to support the jumping game is Mr. "Manna" Morriss. His five-year-old Guiding Light took part in the Timberham Maiden Hurdle Race at Gatwick, and finished a bad third to Kansalo. I was sorry the hurdler did not make a better show as a little sweetener in the way of a winner might induce Mr. Morriss to go in for the game in earnest. N.H. sport needs all the support it can get.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

R V P C 3 X O E B D Y A N H

K G W Q T S Z I M F L U 2 J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. HUQRJZK21K would read JACK HORNER.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 22, to Tuesday, December 28.

1st, 2nd, or 3rd?
3/- "The Sporting Life" ANNUAL SUMMARY 3/-
Will tell you at a glance!

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK END COUPS

6 HOME.—Bolton, Bradford, Rochdale, Brighton, Airdrie, Celtic.

5 HOME.—Newcastle, Reading, Stoke, Swindon, Aberdeen.

4 HOME.—Bolton, Newcastle, Celtic, St. Mirren.

3 AWAY.—Preston, Stockport, Glasgow Rangers.

3 DRAWS.—Blackburn v. Huddersfield, Manchester C. v. Middlesbrough, Plymouth v. Exeter.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Bolton, Newcastle, Rochdale, Sunderland, Stockport.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Celtic, Preston, Oldham v. Swansea.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (League I. and II.).—Bolton, Leicester, Newcastle, Reading, Wolverhampton.

FORECASTS FOR JANUARY 1, 1927

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Birmingham, Bolton, Newcastle, Sunderland, The Wednesday, West Ham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Burnley, Huddersfield.

DRAW.—Manchester U. v. Sheffield U.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Chelsea, Middlesbrough, Oldham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Notts Forest, Preston.

DRAWS.—Portsmouth v. Manchester C., Reading v. Southampton, South Shields v. Hull.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Bradford, Hartlepools, Nelson, Rotherham, Stockport, Tranmere.

AWAY WINNER.—Chesterfield.

DRAW.—Halifax v. Rochdale.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Bournemouth, Brentford, Millwall.

AWAY WINNERS.—Brighton, Gillingham.

DRAWS.—Coventry v. Watford, Exeter v. Swindon.

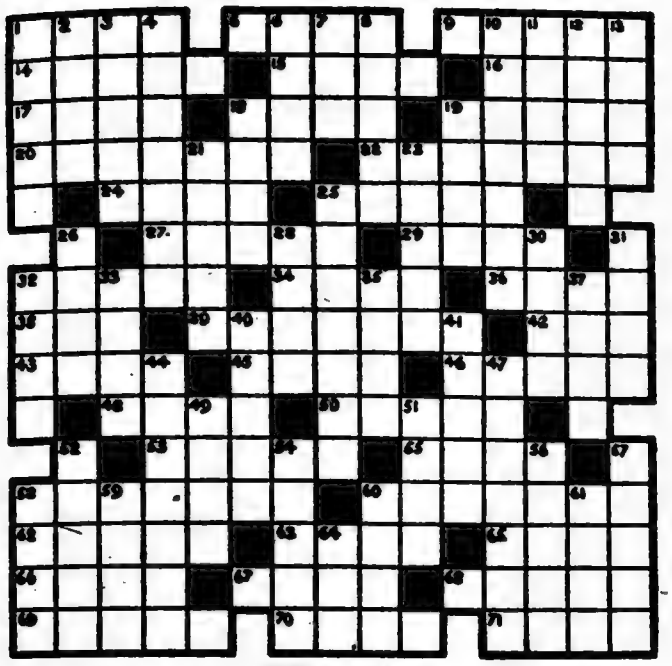
SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Cowdenbeath, Dundee, Hamilton, Morton, Queen's Park.

AWAY WINNERS.—Partick, St. Mirren.

DRAWS.—Falkirk v. Airdrie, Hibs. v. Hearts, Glasgow Rangers v. Celtic.

Our Xmas X Word



CLUES ACROSS

1. Seasonable at Christmas.
5. This festive season.
9. Preceding above on everybody's lips just now.
14. Seasonable hymn.
15. A vessel.
16. Billiards accessories.
17. Mohammedan chief.
18. A story.
19. A demonstrative.
20. Necessary.
22. A scoffer.
24. King of the forest.
25. A Chinese tea.
27. Relative.
29. Ornamental button.
32. Respiratory organs.
34. Before.
36. Rational.
38. Wrath.
39. Orchestral drums.
42. Fish spawn.
43. Wild sour apple.
45. Highest point.
46. Timed.
48. Hasty.
50. Municipal.
53. A compan .
55. A jot.
58. Silly fellow.
60. A lover.
62. Nimble.
63. Shivering fever.
65. Diplomatic communication.
66. A cereal.
67. A legal claim.
68. American buffalo.
69. In want.
70. To dole.
71. A hundred.

CLUES DOWN

1. Place.
2. Title.
3. Projecting bay-window
4. Form of stating.
6. Flour.
7. Boring instrument.
8. Off colour.
10. The sea-urchin.
11. Regretted.
12. Set again.
13. Famous battle river.
18. Melody.
19. To move fast.
21. To palm off.
23. German arsenal town.
25. To rule.
26. A projecting ridge.
28. Collection of tents.
30. A sudden rush.
31. To notice.
32. To lap.
33. Close.
35. Kind of cab
37. Well-known carol.
40. Rude person.
41. Dialect.
44. Eluded.
47. Pertaining to the sun's rays.
49. The blackthorn.
51. Sea.
52. Four-wheeled truck.
54. To demand as due.
56. Come up.
57. Midlands river.
58. Small mountain lake.
59. Small rodents.
60. Female relative.
61. Famous college.
64. Exclamation

The solution of last week's Cross-Word Puzzle is on page 23

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to "John Bull" Readers if they will give the "Passing Show" an 8 weeks' trial

The 5/- Lever-Filler Pen fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped.

The 10/6 "Gillette" Razor Set in handsome "mottled" leather pattern case lined in primrose velvet.

HERE is an offer which we believe is quite unprecedented in the history of journalism—one which for sheer magnificence and liberality dwarfs anything ever before attempted by any paper in the world.

If you are NOT already a reader of the "Passing Show," and if you will undertake to give the "Passing Show" a trial for eight consecutive weeks, we will present to you absolutely FREE a superb double gift, consisting of a genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-Filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen.

Here is a brief description of the magnificent double gift we offer :—

THE 15/6 DOUBLE FREE GIFT

The 10/6 "Gillette" Razor Set.

The Set we offer you, known as the "Oxford de Luxe" Model, is guaranteed by Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., to be a genuine 10/6 line, the last word in luxury and elegance. The Razor itself is of the Standard Handle pattern. It is complete with blade, British made and triple silver plated throughout. The beautiful horse-shoe shaped case in which the Razor is presented is of "mottled" leather pattern finish, delicately grained, decorated in gold and lined with primrose velvet. By itself a princely Gift indeed!

The 5/- "Passing Show" Pen.

The 5/- Lever Self-filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen is a triumph of British workmanship. It contains refinements found only in high grade pens. It is fitted with a beautifully chased barrel of raven-black brilliance cut out of vulcanite of fine quality; a safety screw cap; a lever self-filling device, and, to crown all, a 14 ct. **solid gold nib**, iridium tipped. This Pen will give years of service, and we hope that it will become one of your closest friends. It comes to you **together with** the Half-guinea Razor Set.

IN order to qualify for your 15/6 Gift, we ask you to cut out and affix eight consecutively numbered coupons from the **bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of the** "Passing Show" to the Gift Voucher, which will be sent to you **on receipt of the Reservation Form on the next page.**

Directly your **Gift Voucher** is received by the "Passing Show," properly completed, you will receive your 15/6 Double Gift absolutely FREE. **There is no catch. There are no hidden conditions.** The full conditions are printed opposite.

Obviously we could not afford to make an offer of this nature were we not reasonably certain that after you have taken the "Passing Show" for eight weeks you will then wish to remain a regular reader.

Fill in the forms on the page opposite to-day. Hand the Order Form to your Newsagent. Post the Reservation Form to the "Passing Show." Upon receipt of the Reservation Form, a Gift Voucher will be posted to you, and at the same time a 15/6 Gift will be set aside and reserved in your name. ACT NOW!

PASSING SHOW

BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST WEEKLY—TWO PENCE

to JOHN BULL Readers

AS the Editor modestly says:—The "Passing Show" is the finest humorous journal in the world. It is the most quoted—it has the biggest net sales, but still we're not satisfied. We want another 100,000 new readers. That is why we are making our wonderful offer.

There is no other paper quite like the "Passing Show." It is the silver lining to life—it brings you something that all the wealth in the world cannot buy—the feeling that it's good to be alive.

If you read the "Passing Show," you will be able to face your dentist with a chuckle, and your undertaker with a smile. Life's worries will melt like snow in the sun.

To put it bluntly—

Why be a millionaire when the "Passing Show" will make you happy for 2d. a week?

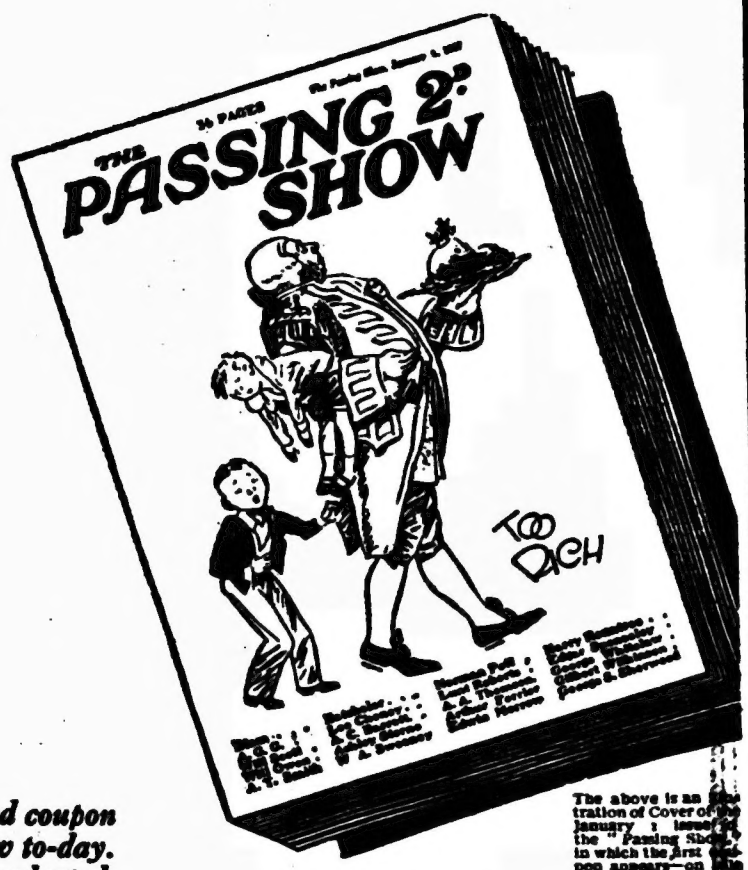
OWNER: "I say, can you drive a car?"
STRANGER: "No, boss."
OWNER: "Splendid fellow. Then just stay here and mind my car for a little, will you?"

One of the many good jokes from the "PASSING SHOW"—on sale Dec. 23.

Here are some of the brilliant contributors who will do their best to entertain you week by week:

Will Scott, in whose delightful stories the unexpected always happens; A. A. Thomson, creator of Huckabee; Ashley Sterne, the irrepressible; A.G.G., the wise; Stephen Leacock, the most famous humorist of the age; Ben Travers, master of burlesque; Bruce Bairnsfather, of "Ole Bill" fame—these are the men whose wit and wisdom brighten the pages of the "Passing Show." Amongst artists, the regular contributors include Gilbert Wilkinson, Leo Cheney, George Whitelaw, W. Heath Robinson, A. C. Barrett, and all the most famous "black and white" men.

Give the "Passing Show" a trial for eight weeks, and in return we will present you with our wonderful 15/6 double gift. All that we ask is that you will test it for yourself. We *know* that the "Passing Show" will make you a regular reader. *Fill in the Forms below to-day.*



The above is an illustration of Cover of the January 1 issue of the "Passing Show," in which the first coupon appears—on sale Thursday, Dec. 23.

This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants. The first numbered coupon appears in the "Passing Show" on sale Dec. 23. Fill in the forms below to-day. Don't delay. The demand for the "Passing Show" will be unprecedented.

Post this Form to the "Passing Show." — **Hand this Form to your Newsagent.**

Rules and Conditions.

The object of this scheme is to get into the same readers for the "Passing Show." We reserve the right to disqualify for our Gift any applicant who shall be found upon verification to be already a reader. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased the "Passing Show" for the last three months.

In order to qualify for the Gift Set, it is necessary for the new reader to place an order with his newsagent for the regular delivery of the "Passing Show."

Upon receipt of the Reservation Form (which should be posted at once) a Gift Voucher will be sent upon which each applicant may qualify for the Gift by affixing eight consecutively numbered coupons cut from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of eight successive issues of the "Passing Show," which must be purchased and paid for. No Free Gift Set will be awarded unless applied for on this special Gift Voucher.

Under this scheme consecutively numbered coupons will appear weekly in the "Passing Show." Coupons may be cut from any eight CONSECUTIVE issues as long as this scheme is in force. Then you may send coupons Nos. 1, to 8, 2 to 9, 3 to 10, and so on.

Applicants must qualify for the Free Gift within ten weeks of receipt of Gift Voucher. Back numbers may not be purchased for either whole or part of the eight weeks.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set.

When applicants have qualified for sets, they are required to send one shilling to cover cost of packing, postage, packing and insurance in connection with the dispatch of their Gift Sets. Apart from this there is no payment of any kind required.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain and the Irish Free State.

The Editor of the "Passing Show" reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

CUT HERE

POST AT ONCE

Z

This coupon brings the 15/6 Gift Voucher

Leave space above blank.

RESERVATION FORM

To the "PASSING SHOW," (Dept. A), Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

This Form reserves in *your name* the double gift of a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set *and* a 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen.

I certify that I am NOT already a reader of the "Passing Show" and that I have not purchased the "Passing Show" for the last three months. I undertake, commencing with the number on sale this week, to give the "Passing Show" a trial for eight consecutive weeks. I have to-day placed an order with the undermentioned newsagent for the regular delivery of the "Passing Show," and give his name and address for verification purposes. In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name your Free Gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-Filling Fountain Pen, and also send me the 15/6 Gift Voucher on which I may qualify for my gift. I have read and agree to abide by the published rules and conditions governing this scheme. As I have now placed a standing order for the regular delivery of the "Passing Show," please register me under the "Passing Show" Free Travel and Accident Insurance Gift and send me Registration Certificate setting forth full benefits and conditions.

New Reader's Name.....

Address.....

.....

New Reader's Signature.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

Date..... .....

CHECKED .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

A

Post this Form in an unsealed envelope bearing a ½d. stamp. A ½d stamped addressed envelope must also be enclosed to cover return postage on your Gift Voucher and Registration Certificate.

Post at once. This Reservation Form cannot be accepted after first post Saturday, January 8, 1927.

Kindly cut the above form out neatly round the dotted line.

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

ORDER FORM

The "Passing Show"

(Twopence Weekly)

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve the "Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

.....

Date..... .....

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service gives real advice; it is not content to say, "We told you so." But don't wait until you are deep in the mire and then scream for help. Before taking the plunge send particulars of any offer that tempts you, with stamped, addressed envelope, and you will be told by experts whether it is safe to dive. We are out to help our readers in any and every kind of difficulty. Do not make your trouble worse by failing to seek advice in time.

* * *

MARY (Merton).—"No man ever made a fool of me." Who did then?

R. L. (Ely).—"Did you read my last poem?" We hope so.

G. G. (Highgate).—"I've come out on top." Your barber can doubtless recommend something.

E. C. (Chelsea).—"I have discovered a new joke." Surround it with legs and fairies and make a pantomime of it.

G. B. (Burslem).—"I often go and gaze for hours at the wild animals in the Zoo." No wonder they're wild.

"COMMUNIST" (Wigan).—"We are the leaven that leavens the lump." We thought you were something half-baked.

MRS. B. (Corbridge).—"I have now seen sixty summers." What luck! Where have you lived? Abroad?

K. K. (Leeds).—"I believe in plenty of sleep at all times." Then you'll be caught napping some day.

J. W. (Hammersmith).—"If this is good writing, I'm a fool." Yes, it is very good writing.

J. S. (Thurlstone).—"I left my job owing to a disagreement." Not between the cash-book and the till, we hope.

G. R. J. (Gosport).—"Marriage brings change into a man's life." And takes it out of his pocket.

N. F. (Doncaster).—"My daughter married a poor young man." This is just where you should make allowances.

E. B. S. (Swansea).—"I chaffed the waiter." We also like our chop with chips.

R. R. S. (Bury St. Edmunds).—"This is a rotten world." We agree that you'll never get out of it alive.

S. J. (Perth).—"I can never get a pipe to draw properly." Ever tried smoking your own tobacco?

C. W. J. (Newquay).—"I dislocated my jaw through yawning." Sue the author.

T. E. (Edgware).—"What have politics got to do with Christmas?" Nothing, except that everybody should be as liberal as possible.

JESSIE R. (Norwood).—"Kissing is unhealthy." Then be sure to return all the kisses you get.

A. E. C. (Brentwood).—"Shall I send you my New Year resolutions?" No—you'd better keep them yourself.

H. L. (London, N.).—"The idea that St. Paul's could move is absurd." Is your dome all right?

A. N. (Holloway).—"When will coal go down still more?" When still more comes up.

FUNNY FELLLW (Oxford).—"What made Winston Church-ill?" Perhaps he saw Stanley Bald-win.

S. B. (Chatham).—"Would you advise me to marry a widow?" If you have already met her our advice would be too late.

R. A. (Chelmsford).—"My father made his money as a grocer's assistant." Was that before cash registers were invented?

H. M. (London, E.C.).—"I have some startling inside information." Better tell your doctor about it.

MRS. J. (Northwood).—"Enclosed is portrait of Uncle William. Do you think I can call baby after him?" It all depends whether you think more of the will than the William.

N. F. (Gloucester).—"I have just been granted a commission." How much?

L. O. J. (Poleshill).—"I am joining the police force." Now we shall all be safe!

A. L. (Glasgow).—"Is my article printable?" Oh, yes, but the trouble is it isn't readable.

F. M. (Exeter).—"He lives in a small house in the country and does no work." A cottage loaf!

J. B. (York).—"I mean to make people take notice of what I say." We think you will. We rather like your initials.

L. T. B. (Chatham).—"I have an idea for a novel." Now you only need a typewriter, a lot of words and a publisher.

MISS T. (Maidenhead).—"The doctor looked at my tongue and prescribed a rest." For your tongue?

T. B. L. (Taplow).—"After all, our ears were given us to hear with." And yet some people hang their hats on them.

G. M. (Hendon).—"Skipping does one good and relieves boredom." Yes, we tried it on your letter.

MISS L. (Scarborough).—"I hate to think I am made of dust." You aren't or you'd dry up now and again.

BESSIE (Uxbridge).—"Which is the most unlucky month to get married in?" The one most people get married in.

MRS. H. F. (Beeston).—"A coat of paint acts as a preservative on any place." And any face!

MRS. L. (Morecambe).—"You will see the resemblance in enclosed photo." Nothing could be plainer.

S. L. (Chichester).—"As for me, I hold myself aloof from all parties." Perhaps you haven't had any invitations.

L. M. (Stamford).—"One would think I was an absolute idiot." More than one, we should imagine.

L. H. (Wallasey).—"Is Kruger dead?" Well, if he isn't somebody has been distinctly unkind, for they buried him.

A. E. R. (Darlington).—"When doing your cross-word puzzle, I tried to think of a word for two weeks." Fortnight!

MRS. A. (Bagshot).—"Some women are not so black as they are made out." Nor so pink and white as they are made up.

MARY (Pickhill).—"What sort of dressing is considered correct for a small gathering in London?" A poultice of bread or linseed is usual, we believe.

MRS. F. (Liverpool).—"The small back attic will let, though the bed is rather short." No matter; those who take it will be a bit short too.

MRS. F. (Brighton).—"People say I and my husband grow more like each other every day." You both have our sincerest sympathy.

S. H. J. (Margate).—"The road to hell is paved with good intentions." And walled around with horrid war inventions.

G. P. H. (Ravenscourt Park).—"We can't afford, even in these advanced days, to dispense with our clowns." No—nor with our pantaloons either.

F. R. (Lewes).—"I suppose there will be the usual number of insincere good wishes sent this Christmas." Oh, yes—that's quite on the cards.

K. V. (Hendon).—"Don't you consider the sale of this useless foreign coal a shame?" Yes; but not a burning shame.

N. T. L. (Bewdley).—"Working men are generally married." Yes; one seldom hears of a plumber without his mate.

P. K. (London, S.W.).—"Some actors speak almost inaudibly." This is an advantage considering how some dramatists write.

C. M. (Brixton).—"I've written a letter to you every week for years." We know. We know. Nevertheless, with an effort we can think quite calmly of you.

D. N. (Camberwell).—"It is unlucky to light three cigarettes with one match." But you are very lucky, nowadays, if you can light one cigarette with three matches.

W. J. (Dowlais).—"My wife enters for *Bullets* with the housekeeping money." Well, why not? One of those *Bullets* Hampers would keep the house in food for a week.

N. V. (Hackney).—"He struck me in the eye with his fist." We suppose that when you meet him now you give him a black look.

L. M. (Rochester).—"The enclosed poem is my own original work." We'll take your frank confession into consideration when delivering the verdict.

H. H. (Hendon).—"Can you tell me how many male golfers there are in this country?" Yes. More than there would be if they called it work and were paid for it by the hour.

C. H. D. (Redditch).—"I took the pills the doctor ordered me, but found them quite ineffectual." So you couldn't exactly regard them as a working proposition.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

"The Greatest of These . . . . . ."

Spectres at the Feast

Old Soldiers Doomed to Living Death

ERE you sit down to your Christmas feast, give a thought to the grim spectres that crowd in the shadows about many a richly laden table glaring with hungry eyes at the good things there in which they cannot share.

They are not the spirits of those who made the supreme sacrifice and won their way by their devotion to duty to endless glory, but the shades of those who came back from the battlefields maimed and mutilated, and through the ingratitude of those for whom they fought now find themselves doomed to a living death.

There is only one way to prevent their coming. If you do not take it you will feel their presence, and as you raise your glass, you will find that it contains but the bitter dregs of sorrow, and your laughter will raise an echo of hollow mockery.

ONE of the spectres which may haunt a rich man's table this Christmas is the wraith of a man without legs. While he was serving in the trenches, steeped almost to the waist in the bloody slime of the battlefields, he contracted thrombosis.

Gangrene supervened, and eventually both legs had to be amputated at the thigh, leaving only stumps too short to allow the attachment of artificial limbs.

Almost incredible though it may appear, his application for a pension was refused upon some technical ground, and his sole means of support at the present time is the 7s. 6d. per week which he receives as National Health Insurance benefit.

He is one of many who have applied to the "Greatest of These—" Fund for assistance. We know from past experience that it is such as these whom our readers desire to help, and whose desire it is that for these unfortunate souls Christmas time shall not be only a feast of sorrow.

We earnestly beg our readers to ensure their own happiness and freedom from the reproach of ingratitude which will otherwise haunt them by making a generous subscription to the fund as one of the first duties in preparation for a merry Christmas.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act at the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

G. T. S., 5s.; Stretham, 1s.; W. P. Petersfield 2s. 6d.; Weekly Ninth, 1s.; Gladys, £1; Anon., 2s. 6d.; An Old Reader, 2s. 6d.; J. Hales, 2s. 6d.; W. Harris, 1s.; A. J. Morris, 1s.; Mrs. T. Coles, 1s.; Mrs. J. Andrews, 1s.; Mr. J. Bean, 1s.; Mrs. F. C. Boddington, 1s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Mrs. Jean Talbot (Harlesden), 10s.; W. J. P., 2s. 6d.; E. G. Bowley (Leicester), 2s.; Comd. G. T., H.M.S. *Tiger*, 2s.; Mr. Williams, 2s. 6d.; Fred. W. Thornton (Southville, Bristol), 10s.; A. J. J., £5; W. B. (Luton), 2s. 6d.; "Kenilworth," 2s.; "A Birthday Gift," 4s.; "Brum," 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; From a Friend, 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; E. Mikson (Ruson-Wye), 2s. 6d.; A. J. H. Rogers, 5s.; E. H. H. (Southsea), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Hester (Hammersmith) and parcel of clothes, 2s. 6d.; L. V. (W.2), 1s.; Manufacturers of Dinkie, £2 2s.; "Dinkie," 13s.; H. E. Cater, 1s.; "Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; Brother Bert, 2s. 6d.; A Lucky Tenth From a Cardiff Reader, 2s.; A Wellwisher, 2s. 6d.; E. J. S. (Exeter Trams), 4s.; Mr. Ernest Hamer, 1s.; W. Woods (Nottingham), 1s. 6d.; To a Friend From a Friend, 5s.; In Memory (Glasgow), 5s.; Mr. Alfred Norton, 5s.; Mr. H. Rowlinson (Eccles), 2s.; Mrs. Lily Miller, 1s.; M. S. Lonsdown, 2s.; Mrs. C. A. Phillips, 1s.; J. & G. Adams, 5s.; B. O. B., 1s.; Regular Reader, 5s.; A. W. (Ashton-u.-Lyne), 10s.; Mr. W. W. Robison (Leytonstone), 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; P. M. M. (Glasgow), 1s.; E. Gillespie, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. M. Croxall, 1s.; Mr. A. J. Stannard, 2s. 6d.; Mr. E. T. Dowling (Rangoon, Burma), 1s.; M. B. Bedford, 1s. 6d.; Lucky Ninth (Musselburgh), 6d.;

(Continued on page 39.)

A Happy "Bullets" Xmas!

ON the eve of *Bullets* fifteenth Christmas, I take this opportunity to join with my staff in wishing every competitor the Compliments of the Season and a prosperous New Year. There will be many a "Here's to *Bullets!*" amongst the Christmas toasts this year, for over two thousand competitors will sit down to a *Bullets* Christmas Dinner. For hundreds of others, too, a *Bullets* prize has helped to provide a brighter Christmas than ever before.

May 1927 bring success to those who have not yet won a *Bullets* prize, and more successes to those who have already figured in the winning lists.

The Editor

To Cross-word Enthusiasts

DO you try the JOHN BULL Cross-word Puzzle every week? If so, you will find the same fascination in entering for *Bullets*—and particularly when the prizes begin to arrive.

Bullets gives no "clues" to follow up. Instead there is a list of *Examples* to choose from; to one of these *Examples* you fit a phrase or sentence of any two, three or four words with some direct bearing upon it.

As you turn an *Example* over in your mind, you will realise that in *Bullets* you have hit upon an amusement which has none of the limitations of a cross-word puzzle. Juggling with words as you please, selecting some and rejecting others at your own discretion, you are relying on your knowledge of English instead of upon a dictionary. What is more, instead of merely fitting together a jig-saw of words, *you are creating something of your own.*

Your cross-words experience will give you an excellent start in the race for *Bullets* prizes.

Christmas "Bullets"

The annual holiday will bring you leisure—why not turn it to good advantage? *Bullets* is the way, and this week's special offer contains something exceptional in the way of prizes, both in cash and kind.

Bullets Hampers are the feature of this Christmas prize-list, and there are 200 of these new prizes to be won this week. When the good things of Christmastide have disappeared, what a delightful surprise to receive one of these fine big Hampers! You can see their contents on this page, and you can test the quality for yourself by getting into the winning list. Remember, too, that there is a cheque for £500 waiting to give somebody a surprise that will last for many New Years to come, whilst hundreds of other cash prizes are waiting for good *Bullets* this week.

If Christmas burns a hole in your pocket, let *Bullets* mend matters for the New Year.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

200 "BULLETS" HAMPERS! 200

Each hamper contains a selected fowl, pork sausages, Dundee cake, fancy tin of biscuits, box of chocolates, box of preserved fruits, cigarettes & a bottle of fine old port.

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £500

2nd Prize £100

3rd Prize £50

4th Prize £25

5th Prize £10

200 Prizes of 5/- 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES 500 Prizes of 2/6

10 PRIZES OF £5 | 100 PRIZES OF £1 | 10 PRIZES OF £2-10

A NEW YEAR FEAST FOR A FEW WORDS!

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 622

1927
BRITANNIA
BIG JOB
SAID TO HUBBY
STOPPING AT HOME
FATHER'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION
BARGAIN HUNTING
KEY TO HER HEART
THE CHARLESTON
GOES A LONG WAY
PAYS HER
ALL I WANT
HEARD AT THE GARAGE
SANDY AND SOLLY
PERFECT GENTLEMAN
SNOWING
WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW
FOR HER SAKE
GOOD HIDING
TREE OF KNOWLEDGE
HAPPY
VILLAGE PUB
WHAT THE CANNIBAL SAID
AN OVERSIGHT
WILLINGLY
A LOVE STORY
COMMUNITY SINGING
WITH OR WITHOUT
THING OF THE FUTURE
PENNILESS
TELLING THE WORLD
WHAT IS SUCCESS?

How to Make "Bullets"

Choose any of the *Examples* printed, then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the *Examples* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet; These specimens will guide you:—
Example:—TRUE LOVE *Bullet:*—TAKES LIFETIME TO "TELL."
Example:—TOO MANY *Bullet:*—NEGLECT CHANCE — BLAME LUCK.
Example:—BRITAIN'S BUSINESS *Bullet:*—"POACHED" WHILE WE "SCRAMBLE."

Send postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used—see Rules on this page.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 622, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example: _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 30.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(622) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example: _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 30.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(622) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example: _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 30.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(622) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example: _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 30.
Bullet
Example: _____
Bullet
(622) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

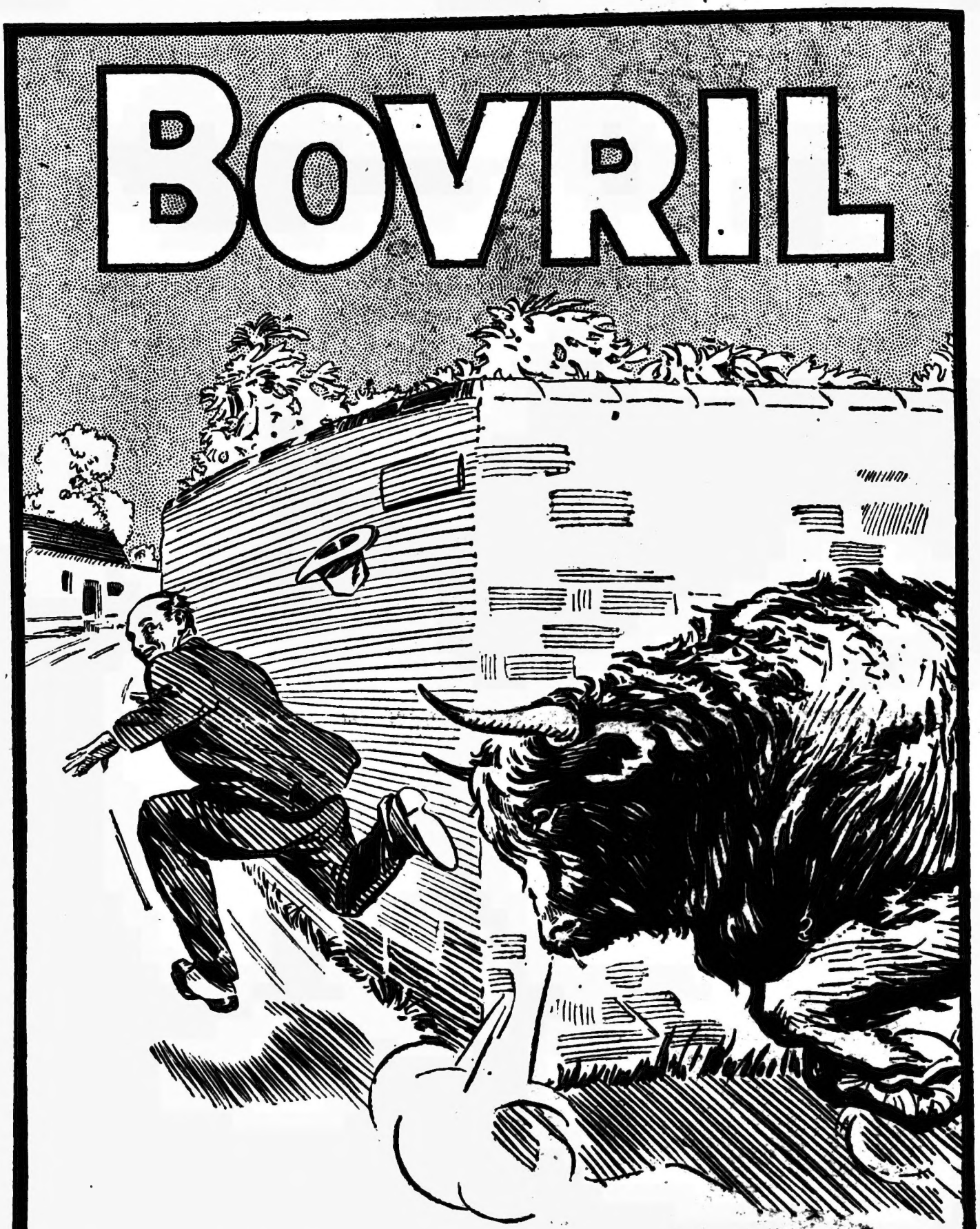
If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 622 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The result of "Bullets" £1,500 Christmas Offer (Competition No. 620) will appear next week

'Bullets' Hampers Again NEXT WEEK!

BOVRIL



Bovril helps you to turn the corner!

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